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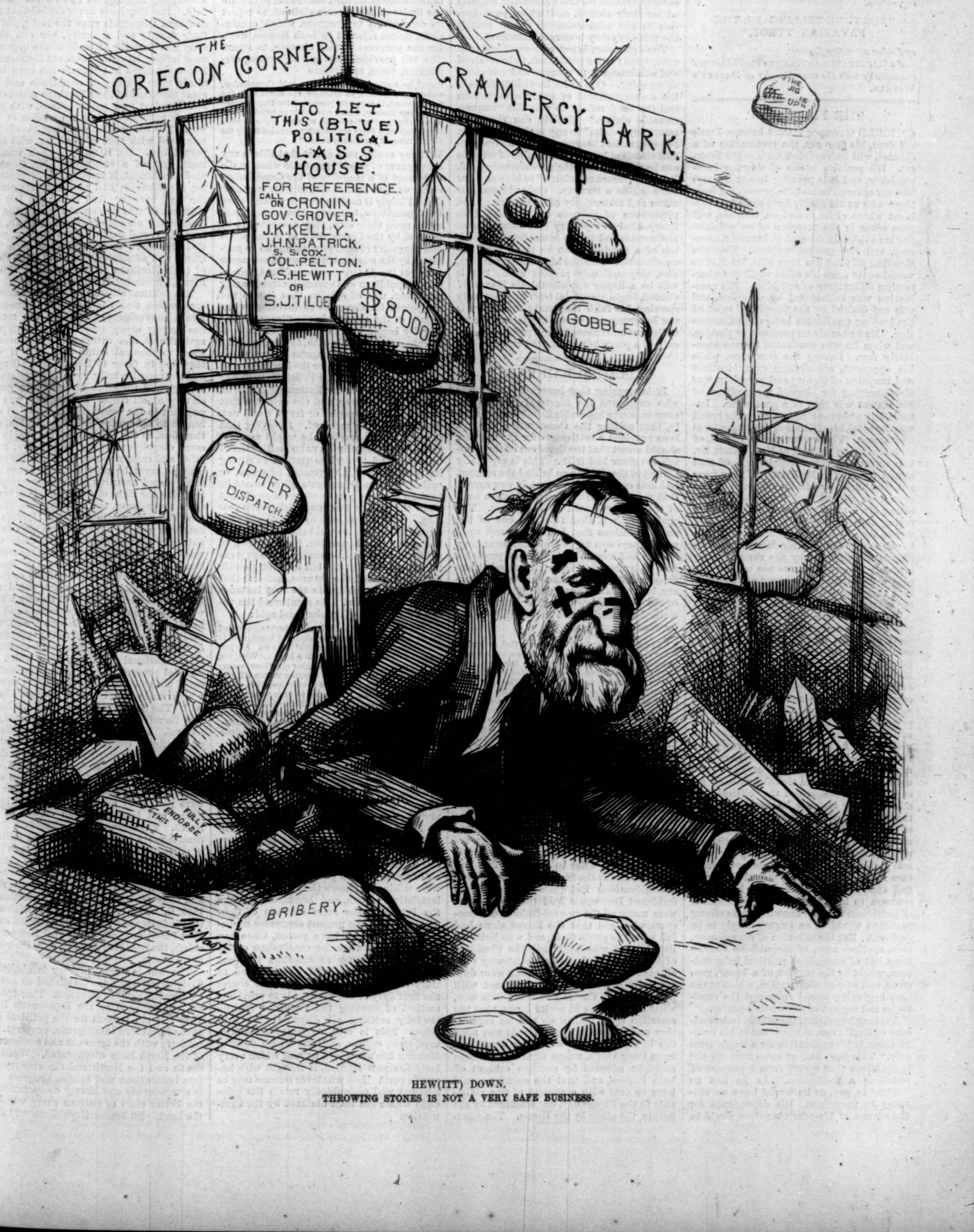
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, March 10, 1877.

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THE FIRST STEP.

Should Governor Hayes become President, his first act, the nomination of a cabinet, will be regarded with eager interest. His position is one of singular independence, and it is peculiar in our history. The cry of fraud in his title, proceeding from those who would gladly have seated a President whose claim rested on violence, will soon cease in the presence of an administration evidently devoted to harmony, economy, and the general welfare. Notwithstanding all that has been said, Mr. Hayes would enter upon his office without embarrassing obligations of any kind. His nomination was anticipated by very few, and was not desired by the friends of most of the leading candidates before the Convention. He had made no promises or pledges, and when he was nominated he was absolutely free. During the campaign, while his opponent, abandoning every instinct and tradition of dignity and propriety, was electioneering for himself, the position of Mr. Hayes was that of a gentleman. Immediately after the election, when the result was doubtful, his attitude of self-respect was unchanged. There were stories, indeed, of an intention on the part of Mr. Morton, Mr. Chandler, and other Republicans of that school, to bring in Mr. Tilden if they were not "satisfied" by Mr. Hayes; and it has even been alleged that Mr. Morton, after seeing Mr. Hayes, returned to Washington saying that he was "all right:" in other words, that he had made a bargain. We have little doubt that Mr. Morton and his friends are wronged by the rumor. They certainly knew Mr. Hayes too well to propose a bargain, and he knew equally well that they had nothing to gain or hope in the success of the Democratic candidate.

The proceedings of the Electoral Commission have no more laid personal obligations upon Mr. Hayes than those of the nominating Convention. He would undertake the duties of his office with no other kind of obligation than that which binds every man who acts with a party in a free country. He would undoubtedly feel himself honorably bound to maintain the great principles of which he knows he has been selected as the representative. But the policy that he would favor to carry out those principles, and the advisers and agents whom he might select, are points upon which he would rightfully decide according to his estimate of the political situation. If, for instance, he were of opinion that the recent narrow escape from defeat of the party to which he has always been attached, was due to the substitution of reckless and narrow partisanship for wise and patriotic statesmanship, he would indicate it at once by the political character and sympathy of those whom he should summon to his cabinet. The nomination of gentlemen who are known only as strong partisans would be an augury deeply to be deplored. But the selection of conspicuous, able, spotless men, of Republican convictions, but of recognized political independence, would be the earnest of a broad, generous, and wise administration, which at the very beginning would command the confidence and respect of the whole country.

A strong bulwark of the official independence of Mr. Hayes, in the event of his inauguration, is his declaration for a single term only. This frees him at once from all the temptations that spring from a purpose of soliciting a re-election. As he has no "debts" to pay, so he would have no alliances to propitiate. His dependence for the success of his administration would be the general approval of the country. Yet the nature of party organization, and the relation which the Senate has assumed toward the Executive, are such that courage and firmness would be as indispensable to him as a just estimate of the situation. But, fortunately for him, the party majority in both Houses of the next Congress is very small, and should a course upon his part indicative of a tenacious purpose of reform produce opposition in his own party, we trust that he would not shrink nor waver, confident of the great popular sympathy and support, and the wise and patriotic reorganization of parties that would surely follow. There is no party leader that he need fear, and there is no combination of such leaders that could seriously embarrass his administration were he surrounded by a cabinet not of unknown men, but of men known and approved as absolutely superior to bargains and tricks and jobbery and the meannesses of partisanship, trusted for their character, respected for their ability, and whose participation in the administration would gratify the pride of every honorable American.

The Presidency is not a pleasant and easy occupation; it is a great trust, to be received and administered in a brave and self-sacrificing spirit. One of its inevitable pains is the disappointment of eager expectations and the total refusal to consider "unquestionable claims." Nobody can rightfully assert any "claim" to any position in a new administration, because there is no conceivable standard by which the value of services can be measured nor their results computed. But the pressure of "claims" to high and low office is like a tornado. Only the greatest nerve and tranquillity of temperament and persistence of purpose can withstand it. Every kind of sophistry and blandishment and menace and appeal is employed, and the life of a President can be made very uncomfortable. Those in high official position, also, may seriously perplex him. But it will be a happy day should Mr. Hayes, if elected, begin his official term by practically showing his faith that party machinery is not so strong and sure a support as the intelligence and character and perception not only of a party but of all good citizens.

ALLEGED BAD FAITH.

It is amazing that honorable Democrats who supported the Electoral Bill for the same reason as honorable Republicans, namely, that neither the Constitution nor the laws provided a settlement for the dispute, should assert that the decisions of the Commission show bad faith. This is especially alleged of the right to go behind the returns, and it is openly charged that it was agreed that the bill authorized investigation both of the State vote and of the returns. The simple truth is that this was one of the many questions that had arisen, and upon which there was no general understanding. No one had asserted this want of provision and understanding more strenuously than Senator Bayard. In the debate of February, 1875, he said, after quoting the language of the Twelfth Amendment concerning the method of election and the opening of the certificates:

> "There is nothing in this language that authorizes either House of Congress, or both Houses of Congress, to interfere with the decision which has been made by the electors themselves and certified by them and sent to the President of the Senate. *There is no pretext that, for any cause whatever,* Congress has any power, or all the other departments of the government have any power, to refuse to receive and count the result of the action of the voters in the States in that election as certified by the electors whom they have chosen. *That questions may arise whether that choice was made, that questions may arise whether that election was properly held, or whether it was a free and fair election, is undoubtedly true; but there is no machinery provided for contest, and no contest seems to have been anticipated on this subject.* It is *casus omissus.*"

Here Senator Bayard distinctly states that neither the Constitution nor the laws authorize Congress, nor any nor all other departments of the government, to go behind the returns, or to consider the questions that may arise in regard to free and fair elections in the States, or to the manner of certification. But while he and most old-fashioned Democrats held this view, there were many of the newest-fashioned Democrats who held that the House alone had full power to settle them, and a majority of Republicans who held that the President of the Senate had absolute authority over all such questions. These views were dogmatically asserted by men inflamed with party rancor. Cooler and wiser men saw, what all had seen in cooler hours, that the assertion upon both sides was an implication and an assumption. But it was none the less plain that both sides would act upon their views, unless some other course could be adopted by common consent of both Houses, and that the country would have to deal with a contest of two claimants to the Presidency, one sustained by the Senate, the other by the House. The assertion that the country would have no such problem to encounter, and that to apprehend it was cowardly, was simply silly. One side was quite as earnest as the other, and each had equal plausibility in its assumption of law. The Republican theory of the power of the President of the Senate was, in our judgment and in that of a host of Republicans, as untenable as the Democratic theory of the power of the House. There was no other question at issue than a method of administration, but that was vital to a peaceful continuance of the government. Fortunately, beyond expectation, and beyond precedent in a time of party fury, the law was passed appointing the Commission. It was one of the great acts of our history and of any political history.

What were the powers of this Commission? The most contradictory powers had been claimed for Congress. There was no method of determining what those powers were. But the settlement provided by the bill was that it authorized the Commission to declare the limits of the powers claimed, to report its conclusions to Congress, which conclusions, unless rejected by both Houses, were, for the purposes of this election, to stand. The bill provided that all objections, certificates, votes, and papers

> "shall be forthwith submitted to said Commission, which shall proceed to consider the same, with the same powers, if any, now possessed for that purpose by the two Houses, acting separately or together, and by a majority of votes decide whether any and what votes from such State are the votes provided for by the Constitution of the United States."

Will any candid man assert that this is any other grant of power than to do what, in the judgment of a majority of the Commission, either or both Houses of Congress may now do? Plainly it confers no new powers upon the Commission, but as the Houses could not agree upon their own, they consented to be advised by the Commission as to the scope and character of such powers, and to be governed by the advice, if they could not agree to reject it. If any member of the Commission, Republican or Democrat, after hearing argument, was of opinion that it was not competent for Congress to investigate the details of the election in the States, he was morally bound by his reason and his conscience, as well as his oath, to say so. If he were of opinion that Congress had no power under the Constitution or the law to inquire into the murders in East Feliciana Parish or into the conduct of the Returning Board, he was sworn to say so, and the evidence that there had been murder or fraud could not, under the law, be received. In saying that it could not be received he would say precisely what Senator Bayard had asserted in 1875. And to declare that in so saying he would betray any person, or cause, or oath, or honorable understanding, would be to show that the person who said so did not know the law, or was mad with party passion. Or if it were said by one who had assented to the bill, it would show that he had not accepted it honorably, but as a trick to secure his own end. Senator Thurman expressly stated that the bill did not provide for going behind the returns, but left that question to be decided in the first instance by the Commission. He mentioned the various differences of opinion, and said:

> "The fifth point is that it is competent to go behind the decision of a canvassing or returning board, and, in opposition, that it is not competent to do so. Are you going to decide that question in a bill?.... Why, Sir, upon that question, and upon other questions, we are obliged to submit in the first instance to this tribunal to decide.... Then, Sir, comes another question. Supposing the returning boards not to have gone beyond their jurisdiction, and to have acted fraudulently, some say that their decision may be impeached for the fraud, because fraud vitiates every thing, even the decisions of a court; but others say that no such inquiry is admissible at all."

It was left to the Commission to decide, and its decision is unquestionably in harmony with the generally received theory of the relative powers of the States and the general government. It has been interpreted as a willingness to seat a President by fraud. It is really a declaration that the original distribution of national powers between the executive, legislative, and judicial departments shall be maintained. For an immediate party purpose the Democrats were willing to absorb the executive in the legislative branch, and hereafter to make the President the mere creature of Congress. When the present sharpness of disappointment shall have passed, there can be little doubt that the conclusions of the Commission, so far as concerns the just powers of Congress, will be approved as truly conservative and sound. Of course the first duty of the country is to provide a method of electing the President and of lawfully settling all disputes that may arise. This is still, as Senator Bayard says, *casus omissus,* and one which Senator Morton has often told us, and which every body has now learned, is fraught with immense peril. But whatever scheme may be adopted will undoubtedly retain the principle which has been declared by the Commission.

SOUTHERN DEMOCRACY.

The conduct of leading Southern Democrats in Congress during this exciting winter has done more to secure national harmony and good understanding than any thing that has occurred since the war. The Democratic party has always been controlled by the fixed purpose and greater political genius and experience of its Southern wing, and the country has now seen with gratification that in a difficult and dangerous emergency that wing has maintained the public peace upon the most honorable grounds. It is true, also, that the most positive and sincere Republicans have always respected leading Southern Democrats more than Northern. They were, indeed, entirely opposed to them. The Southern theories of the Union and government, and the ends to which those theories were turned, have always seemed false and fatal to Republicans, and they have resisted them relentlessly in Congress and on the battle-field. But they have never denied that the Southern Democrats gave the last proof of their fidelity and sincerity, nor can they deny now that the attitude of the best and most influential of the Southern Democratic Representatives in Congress has been infinitely more worthy of confidence and respect than that of their Northern associates. Mr. Hill last year spoke, indeed, with passionate vehemence upon a question of the war. But his position was most honorable, compared with that of Mr. Cox, who supported him. Mr. Lamar's speech was, at least, that of a statesman. Mr. Gordon made an honest, if inadequate, proposition for a reasonable and necessary reform in the civil service. And in all the hot excitement of this session, the words, the influence, the action, of Messrs. Bayard, Lamar, Hill, and John Young Brown, with their Southern associates, have been patriotic and admirable, compared with those of their Northern fellow-partisans, Wood, Field, Thompson, Hurd, and others.

The political alliance between the Southern leaders and the Northern Democrats was a convenience, for which the reason has largely disappeared. The South was agricultural, and without manufactures or great mechanical enterprises, and it was therefore in favor of free trade. Its agriculture rested wholly upon the system of slavery, and therefore it desired to guard slavery at all costs. But slavery was repugnant to the conscience of mankind and hostile to enterprise and immigration, and therefore, as the Union would probably become disproportionately antislavery, some other and surer resource than possible compromise must be provided, and hence the exaggerated assertion of State sovereignty implying the right of secession. Free trade, state sovereignty, and slavery were, therefore, the cardinal and essential points of Southern policy. The Southern chiefs would naturally ally themselves with those who would support their views. But the native intelligence and industry of the North, which had given that part of the country its characteristic development, could not be the reliance of a policy of slavery which was condemned alike by conscience and political economy. That industry, also, was hostile to free trade; and as the supremacy of the Union was an indispensable condition of the national greatness, upon which industrial prosperity so largely depended, it could not tolerate a theory of State powers which made the Union a partnership at will. The Southern alliance with the North was therefore forecast, and yet it was unnatural. It gradually became an alliance of intelligent conservatism with ignorance, venality, and superstition. As the war drew near, the most educated, accomplished, and wealthy proprietors of the South, the only essentially aristocratic class in the country, were politically allied with the least intelligent and least American classes of the North. The strength of the Northern Democratic party lay in the slums and purlieus of great towns and in the foreign-born population. The seats and sections of characteristic industry and intelligence were in the opposition. This situation became more and more pronounced until the election of 1860, in which the political principles of that industry and intelligence carried every Free State, and left to the real Democratic chiefs, the Southern leaders, only their own Slave States.

The war is over. Slavery is abolished. State sovereignty is established as not including the right of secession. Free-traders are not confined to the Democratic lines. Thus the old reasons for the political alliance of Southern intelligence, property, and industry with the ignorant and foreign vote of the North have disappeared. What the South and the North and the country and free institutions and human progress need is a reasonable and hearty co-operation of the better class of citizens every where in the land. No honest Republican will deny that the conduct of the Southern Democrats in Congress since the election has done much to confute some Republican arguments before the election. When those Democrats add to this good work the evidence that the equal rights of the colored citizens are as safe in the Southern States as those of all classes in the Northern States, they will have shown that a general and reasonable apprehension has been unfounded. Nothing can be better said upon this point than Governor Hayes said in his letter of acceptance:

> "The moral and national prosperity of the Southern States can be most effectually advanced by a hearty and generous recognition of the rights of all by all, a recognition without reserve or exception. With such a recognition fully accorded, it will be practicable to promote, by the influence of all legitimate agencies of the general government, the efforts of the people of those States to obtain for themselves the blessings of honest and capable local government."

This is the true Republican position, and this should be the position of the intelligence of the South. If Southern leaders should prefer to continue an alliance with the old Democratic element in the North, for the purpose of securing immunity in the practical overthrow of colored citizenship, they would prefer to hold the conscience, patriotism, education, and industry of the North arrayed against them. If they should accept the principles upon the Southern situation stated by Governor Hayes, which are those of humanity and common-sense, no reason would remain for a Democratic alliance. In any case, the good sense of Southern Democrats in the trying passages of this session's proceedings shows that in the event of Governor Hayes's inauguration as President, his administration would not receive from them that factious opposition which it would be sure to encounter from a House controlled by unscrupulous and unprincipled demagogues like Wood, Randall, and Field. And it is one of the fortunate facts of the situation that the party majority in either House of the next Congress will be so small.

FOREIGN BOOKS AND THE TARIFF.

A bill was recently introduced into the House of Representatives for admitting free all foreign books, or all books printed in foreign languages. But the consequences are not so desirable as the simple provision of the bill might suggest. So long as we have a tariff system more or less complicated, a single effort at free trade may result in defeat of the very object sought. Mr. Sumner found this in the case of the importation of books that had been in print for twenty years or more, and in that of certain art publications for libraries. He favored a freer system of entry, and the result was that the price to the buyer was raised, and Mr. Sumner finally saw and confessed that, with the best intentions, he had made a mistake. Students and scholarly men naturally wish to lower the prices of good books. Would not an obvious and natural means to that end be a reduction in the duties of book-making materials? No legislator wishes to discriminate against his own country and to give its labor a less favorable chance than foreign labor. But the best intentions may produce this result.

The consequence of an arrangement like that proposed for the entry of books in foreign languages would be that every American publisher who is interested in dictionaries and grammars of foreign languages would have them manufactured abroad, to the immediate injury of the mechanics of books in this country. But if the duties on book-making materials were less highly taxed, the books could be made here at remunerative prices and with the aid of our own labor. The total transfer of the manufacture of books to England by our own legislation, and in consequence of obstructions offered to fair competition, would be an unqualified misfortune. Indeed, many of the measures which have been proposed for what is supposed to be the relief of the authors and readers of books have been merely propositions for the protection of foreign manufacturers as against our own. Many of the suggested international copyright treaties have been of this kind. They would neither have increased the profits of the author nor lessened the price to the buyer. They would have been only an advantage to the publisher.

If the principles of free trade are to be introduced into the business of making and selling books, they should be introduced wholly and fairly, not partially and at haphazard. If the foreign manufacture is to come in free, it is but justice that the materials which are indispensable to the domestic manufacture and to a fair competition should not be taxed. And a valid objection to all partial propositions, however well intended, is that their partiality makes them practically unjust. There is no probability of the passage at the present session of any such bill as we have mentioned, but the general principle is the same. It is a kind of legislation that requires the utmost circumspection, and in this particular instance it would produce results that could not be justified.

THE FACE OF THE RETURNS.

There has been such a cry of fraud in the Louisiana returns that a great many honest people may really suppose that the Returning Board interfered with the result of a free and fair election. While the subject is still fresh, therefore, we subjoin a few plain statements from the Chicago *Tribune*, and from Mr. H. V. Redfield, the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, who is one of the most capable and candid observers who went from the North to see for himself in Louisiana.

The Chicago *Tribune* says:

> "The argument that has been made before the Board of Arbitration on the Louisiana case would make a pretty large volume, but we can state the gist of the case in a few words. There are fifty-nine counties, or parishes, as they are called, in Louisiana. The Presidential election was held with tolerable fairness in fifty-four of the fifty-nine parishes; but in five every species of fraud, violence, and villainy was practiced by the White-Liners to wipe out the strong Republican majorities therein, and make them return heavy majorities for Tilden. For the purpose of easy comparison, we place side by side the result of the elections of 1874 and 1876. The former election was well contested on both sides, but the White-Liners did not resort to bulldozing and assassination to influence the Republican voters:

Parish.	1874. Dem. Maj.	1874. Rep. Maj.	1876. Dem. Maj.	1876. Rep. Maj.
East Baton Rouge..	....	990	615	....
East Feliciana......	....	841	1736	....
West Feliciana.....	....	859	570	....
Moorhouse.........	....	363	595	....
Ouachita...........	....	928	1072	....
Total majority...		3981	4588	

> "Here was a Republican majority of nearly 4000 utterly wiped out, and a Confederate majority of 4588 substituted therefor, making a change in the result of 8569. The Tilden majority in the whole State is claimed to be 6549."

Mr. Redfield says:

> "Louisiana was carried for Tilden by wholesale murder, violence, intimidation, and bulldozing, on the 'Mississippi plan,' in five parishes. The net Democratic gain in these five parishes is more than the majority which Tilden has on the face of the returns. Without attempting to defend the corrupt and imbecile so-called Republican government of Louisiana, which is a stench in the nostrils of every honest man, yet I would ask Mr. Carpenter, if it was not for the Returning Board, what remedy would there be for wholesale intimidation? None at all. Had there been no Returning Board in Louisiana, the State would have been declared for Tilden, and we would have had the singular spectacle of a President elected by murder. You can make nothing else out of it. Murder and intimidation carried the five bulldozed parishes of Louisiana, and the net Democratic gain in those parishes gave the State to Tilden on the face of the returns.
>
> "I disclaim all sympathy with the present State government of Louisiana, the so-called Republican government. It is a farce and a libel on civilization, and I don't care how soon it goes overboard and ceases to trouble us, convinced that there can be no peace until the white people obtain control of their domestic concerns. Yet the spectacle of a President elected by the vote of a State carried for him as Louisiana was carried for Tilden fills me with horror and alarm. The Returning Board is bad enough in all conscience, but it is not so bad as the taking of voters out of their beds at night and killing them because they will not support particular candidates, and to strike terror into the rest."

Until there can be some reasonable refutation of such figures, and of conclusions based upon careful and unprejudiced observation, it is folly to talk of the face of returns as an indication of the popular will.

WOMEN ON SCHOOL BOARDS.

There are various propositions in regard to the schools before the Legislature, and we are glad to see them, because there is no subject of more vital importance to the State, and none upon which constant discussion is more necessary. Last week we showed what we believe to be the mischief of the project of State school-books to be prepared under the auspices of a commission. A wider door to the most flagrant jobbery could hardly be imagined, and the opposition to the project on the part of many of the leading papers of the State will, we hope, be effectual in defeating the plan.

Senator Emerson has introduced a brief bill concerning the management of the schools, which we heartily approve. It is this:

> "Any woman of the age of twenty-one years and upward, and possessing the qualifications prescribed for men, shall be eligible to any office under the general or special school law of this State, subject to the same conditions and requirements prescribed as to men."

One fact which we find in the report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, just laid before the Legislature, is very suggestive in connection with this bill. The number of teachers employed in the public schools of New York during the last year was 30,209, and of these 22,522 were women. The question is, in a degree, one of experience. A legislator asked to support such a bill will naturally inquire whether the experiment has ever been tried, and with what result. It has been tried, and successfully. In several of the States—in Massachusetts and Michigan, for instance, where the school system is most carefully supervised—the school offices are open to women, and, we believe, also in Iowa, Wisconsin, and Illinois, where, as we are informed, a woman is superintendent of schools at Joliet. In Massachusetts there are about fifty women who are officers of the schools, and the experiment, which has been tried for a dozen years, is entirely satisfactory. In Michigan women are not only eligible, but they vote for school officers.

In England the subject has long excited great interest, and the service of women upon the school boards has been very acceptable. In London, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds the daring innovation has not been accompanied with any dire results, and the ladies who have filled the places—Miss Helen Taylor, the step-daughter of John Stuart Mill; Mrs. Westlake, the daughter of Augustus Hare; Miss Sturge, niece of the good Quaker, Joseph Sturge; Miss Emily Davies, who was most active in establishing Girton College, and who is now engaged in its service; with Mrs. Dr. Garrett Anderson, Miss Becker, Mrs. Bucton, Miss Kendrick, and others—have not only served most efficiently, but with as little sacrifice of womanliness as Florence Nightingale in her hospitals. The conclusive argument of those whose theory of woman is that of a being to sit on a cushion and sew up a seam, is that it is not the "sphere of woman" to engage in such duties. But if twenty-two thousand women may properly teach in the schools of New York, they may properly have the intelligent official support and sympathy of women. Girls never need the care of mothers more than during the school years, and "mother-wit" upon the school boards would be a benefit which every father should desire for his girls who go to school. The good results that have followed the association of women with men in all charitable labor is a powerful argument for the proposal of Senator Emerson. The most powerful argument he will have to encounter will probably be that which every salutary reform or change or practice or invention encounters—that it is new. And that is an argument which every step of wise progress has overcome.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Lenox, whose noble art gallery at Central Park is now open on Mondays and Thursdays to the public, has his peculiarities, as have most men who have in some way made their mark in public. After he had made a princely donation to Princeton College, some of the college people said to him, "We want you to be a trustee." He replied, "I shall request permission to decline. Having got rid of this much of my money, I think I ought to be relieved from taking care of it. You should be able to do that." When something which he regarded in the light of "Barnumizing" (a favorite expression with him) was proposed to him in connection with the Lenox Hospital, to which he had given the land (valued at $300,000 and upward) and a large amount of money in addition, "No," he said, in an embarrassed way, as if he were about to put the finishing touch upon some peculiarly miserly action; "I'm not going to do any thing more for this hospital. I can't have any of the responsibility. I've given some land and some money, and it's out of my hands now, and I want it to remain so." It is quite in keeping with Mr. Lenox's character that he should have been careful to a degree in admitting people of all kinds and no responsibility to his library and gallery. He might have had a thousand reasons for this, had it been true, and none of them could have been any one's business. In point of fact, it was never true. Scholars and any one who sought benefit rather than the satisfaction of curiosity have always had free access to the library; and the Historical Society owes a great deal to the absence of any spirit of unwise exclusiveness on the part of Mr. Lenox.

—The late Arunah Huntington, of Basford, Province of Quebec, was a native of Vermont, and bequeathed $202,000 as a fund for the benefit of the common schools of that State.

—Mr. J. N. Larned has resumed his former position as editor of the Buffalo *Express*. About five years ago, soon after he left the *Express*, Mr. L. was elected Superintendent of Education of that city, and was dropped because he was not sufficiently pliable, although concededly one of the best superintendents the city ever had.

—The Rev. Mr. Dale, of Birmingham, England, who is to deliver a course of lectures at Yale Theological Seminary, is the successor of John Angell James, and is himself one of the most distinguished and successful of the Congregational ministers of Great Britain. He is also noted as an impressive speaker upon public questions relating to social and ecclesiastical affairs.

Mrs. Lyman Bennett, of Troy, New York, and Mr. Daniel Fish, of Lansingburg, New York, have each given $5000 to Syracuse University.

—Captain Burnaby's *Ride to Khiva*, just published by Harper & Brothers, is one of the most interesting books of travel published this many a day. In England it has already reached a fifth edition, and Messrs. Cassell, the publishers, as a matter of pure speculation, offered the author $3750 for the copyright of the work.

—Bishop Hare stated recently, at Oxford, New York, that there were about 297,000 Indians in the United States, of whom 75,000 have adopted the Christian faith and become civilized.

—A biographical sketch of the class of 1826 in Yale College has been prepared and printed by the Rev. Selden Haines, of Rome, New York, a member of that class. Among the prominent members were President Sturdevant, of the College of Illinois, Robert G. Rankin, Elizur Wright, and Willis Warner, for a long time treasurer of Yale College. The class numbered 101, and at the end of fifty years after gradation there are thirty-six members of it alive.

—Governor Seymour has addressed a note to the Farmers' Club of Ithaca, New York, declining to deliver an address, for the reason that his health is so much broken that he does not often leave home, and his physicians object to any labor on his part, and particularly to public speaking.

—Mr. Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, seldom fails to hit the nail on the head, as witness the following from a letter in the Baltimore *Bulletin*: "Henry Watterson and Halstead were dining at the house of one of those 'new rich' people who make a point of regaling their visitors with information concerning the cost of articles in their house. Their host told them the price of every thing—not going so far, perhaps, as that 'self-made' man who, when the Marquis of Ripon remarked on the excellence of the salmon, exclaimed, 'It ought to be good; it cost two shillin' and sixpence a pun!' but still not hesitating to point a moral and adorn a tale by setting forth the value in dollars and cents of many of his possessions. When they strolled into the drawing-room, after the walnuts, wine, and inventory, the host stopped before a cabinet of rare workmanship, and said, 'Now, Mr. Halstead, I guarantee you can't tell me what that cost.' 'No,' said Mr. Halstead, seating himself on a chair as though prepared to settle there—'no; but I'll be bound you can!'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The electoral vote occupied the attention of both Houses during the week, and very little other business was done. On the 21st, the Senate amended and passed the Post-office, Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation bills. Senator Sherman, from the Finance Committee, reported a bill to aid in the resumption of specie payments. It authorizes the exchange of legal tenders, at par, for thirty-year four per cent. gold bonds, at the rate of not exceeding $4,000,000 in any one month, or $25,000,000 in any one year, to the total amount of $100,000,000. No commission in any form is to be paid for the exchange. The legal tenders exchanged are to be canceled and destroyed. The third section of the bill authorizes the issue of silver coin to an amount which, with that previously authorized, shall reach $80,000,000, to be exchanged for legal-tender notes, the notes to be destroyed and counted as part of the sinking fund.—On the 22d, the Senate passed the National Museum Bill and the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. In the House, a joint resolution was passed authorizing the President to accept the statue of Liberty from the French Republic. The Arctic Exploration Bill was favorably reported in the House from the Naval Committee.—The Senate, on the 23d, passed the Naval Appropriation Bill. The amount appropriated has been increased since it came from the House $4,321,500, and the clause providing for the establishment of a Naval Commission has been stricken out. The following are the principal clauses amended: The appropriation for pay of officers and men is increased $1,000,000; the appropriation for the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting increased $270,000; the appropriation for the Bureau of Construction and Repairs increased $1,800,000; and the appropriation for the Bureau of Steam Engineering increased $1,200,000. Among other minor additions to the bill is one appropriating $1500 to defray the expenses of observing the transit of Mercury on May 6, 1878. In the Legislative Bill, passed by the Senate a few days ago, no less than 544 changes were made. There were eighty-four alterations in the Deficiency Bill.

On the 18th, both Houses received a message from the Electoral Commission announcing the decision on the Louisiana electoral vote. The Senate sent to the House to notify that body that the Senate was ready to meet it and proceed with the count, but the House meanwhile informed the Senate that it had taken a recess until the 19th. On the 19th, the two Houses assembled in joint convention. The Democrats objected to the Louisiana decision, and the Houses separated. The Senate, after two hours' debate, voted, 41 to 28, to sustain the decision, but the House took a recess till the next day without any action. On the 20th, the House rejected the Louisiana decision by a vote of 172 to 99. In joint convention the State was counted for Hayes and Wheeler, and the count was continued until Michigan was reached, when objection was made by the Democrats to a Republican elector. The two Houses separated, and, after debate, each unanimously overruled the objection. The count was resumed in joint session until objection was made to a Republican elector in Nevada. Congress again separated. The Senate voted down the objection, and the House took a recess until the next day. On the 21st, the House voted not to sustain the objection to Nevada. The joint convention then met, and the votes of New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, and Ohio were counted. When Oregon was reached, there being two certificates, objections were made on both sides, and the matter was submitted to the Commission. Speeches were made, on the 21st, by Senator Kelly and Mr. Jenks for the Democrats, and Senator Mitchell and Mr. Lawrence for the Republicans; and on the 22d by Messrs. Matthews, Evarts, and Merrick. Mr. Watts, Postmaster-General Tyner, and Auditor M'Grew were examined relative to the resignation of Watts, after which the Commission went into secret session. On the 23d, a vote was taken, and the tribunal decided, 8 to 7, that Oregon should be counted for Hayes and Wheeler. The Commission was unanimous in not accepting Cronin's vote.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Edhem Pasha, recently appointed Grand Vizier of Turkey, has been removed, and the Sultan's brother-in-law, Mahmoud Damad, has been appointed in his place, with a policy aiming at the abrogation of the Constitution. Edhem Pasha will assist his successor, as the new Vizier is ignorant of any foreign language. Russia, it is said, has 600,000 men, or two-fifths of her army, organized. Of these about half are ready on the frontiers, and only awaiting orders to begin operations. It is reported at Vienna that Persian aid is sought by Russia in the event of war, the inducement being the possession of disputed frontier territory. Twelve Russian officers are about to leave for Teheran. A Russian general has been appointed to represent his government at the Persian head-quarters.

The English man-of-war *Valorous* has returned to Yarmouth, after a week's search for the missing fishermen, which was totally unsuccessful. Twenty-five vessels and 150 hands are given up as lost.

A royal decree has been published by the Spanish government permitting the return of Carlist refugees. None will be prosecuted unless they offend against the common law. It is stated that the ministry intend to recommend the king to proclaim a general amnesty.

A horrible story of suffering and death at sea comes from the west coast of Africa. Captain Kane, of the American schooner *F. E. M'Donald*, writes that on his outward passage from Boston, whence he sailed December 17, he fell in with the wreck of the British bark *Maria*, Captain Grayson, having on board two survivors of a crew of fourteen men, the others having perished from exposure and famine. One of the two survivors died four hours after his rescue. The dead men were eaten by their companions.

The German steamer *Franconia*, plying between Hamburg and Aspinwall, has been wrecked off Point San Blas.

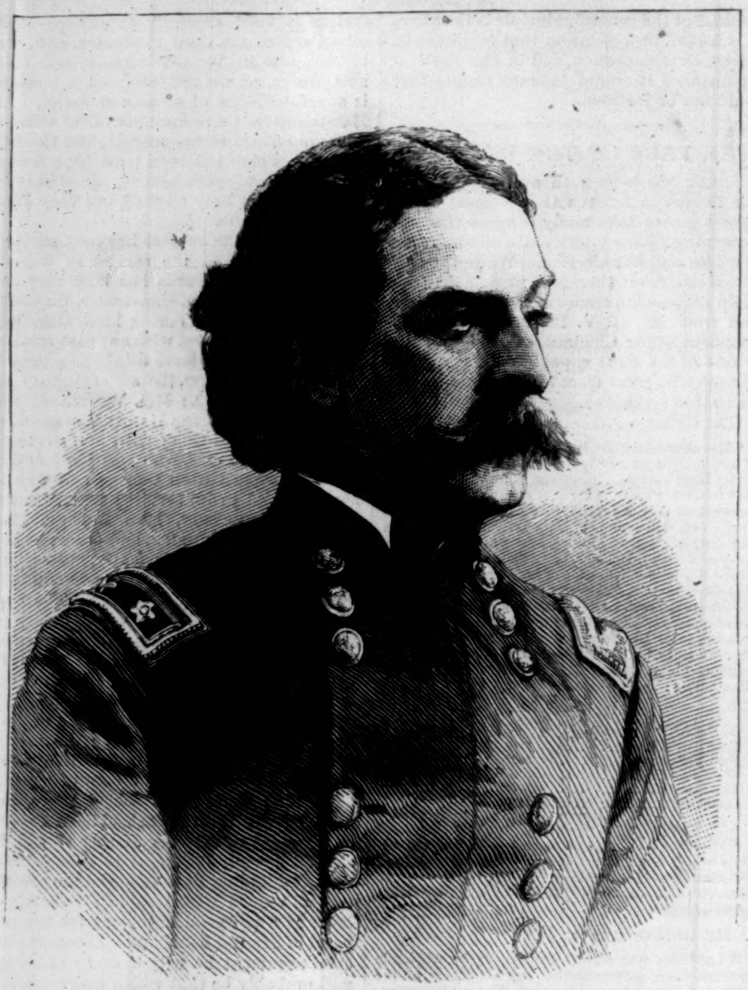
GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

The brilliant success of General Miles in his recent engagements with the Indians under the redoubtable chief Crazy Horse has brought him before the public as one of our most daring "Indian fighters." His military record during the rebellion was excellent. He was made a Brevet Brigadier-General of the United States army for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Chancellorsville, and Brevet Major-General for like services at the battle of Spottsylvania. He is a native of Massachusetts.

His last engagement with the Indians, in which he achieved a signal victory, took place early in January. The Indians consisted of bands of the Cheyennes and Ogallalas, under the leadership of Crazy Horse, and numbered between 600 and 800 lodges. General Miles with his command left the post on Tongue River on the 27th of December, and proceeded up the river with the intention of finding the village of Crazy Horse, which he knew to be located in the vicinity of Wolf Mountains. His command consisted of five companies of the Fifth United States Infantry and two companies of the Twenty-second Infantry, and numbered about 300 fighting men. Through lack of transportation General Miles was compelled to employ a Montana ox train that happened to be at the post, to transport his supplies. This train he sent out three days in advance of the departure of the main command, under charge of Major Charles Dickey, with two companies of the Twenty-second Infantry and one of the Fifth Infantry. After overtaking the train with the balance of the command, General Miles abandoned the wagons, and drove his oxen, in order to have them at hand to assist in pulling his train up the steep hills and through the deep cañons.

At the time of leaving the post, says the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, to whose account we are indebted for these details, there was a heavy snow on the ground, and severe storms, with intensely cold weather, obtained during the whole period of the expedition. The movement of the troops was necessarily tedious, and the hardships endured were, of course, very great. Still there were no obstacles that could for a moment daunt or deter General Miles. He had fully determined to hunt Crazy Horse in his retreat among the fastnesses of Wolf Mountains, and after finding him to whip him. He succeeded in doing both.

After proceeding some sixty miles up Tongue River, General Miles discovered signs of recent Indian encampments, and, pushing on, he struck their full force on the 7th inst. On the evening of that day quite a heavy skirmish took place, and on the 8th the Indians, to the number of 1000 warriors, well armed and plentifully supplied with ammunition, appeared on his front. They gave every indication of being confident of their ability to annihilate the troops. General Miles attacked them, however, with his gallant little command, and by an admirable disposition of his force succeeded in gaining a decisive victory.



GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.—[Photographed by E. Decker, Cleveland, Ohio.]

It is hard to estimate the loss of the Indians, as they always carry their dead and wounded from the field, but it is known to have been very great. The battle-field was covered with traces of blood. The Indians fought with great desperation. The battle was contested on very rough and broken ground, where it would have been impossible for cavalry to operate. The Indians were entirely on foot, and charged the troops repeatedly and with great courage and ferocity.

The officers and men of General Miles's command displayed the most praiseworthy coolness and gallantry in the fight, and although outnumbered at least three to one, they were confident of victory from the first. The fight lasted about five hours. During a part of the time a heavy snow-storm prevailed, adding greatly to the hardship and danger of the situation.

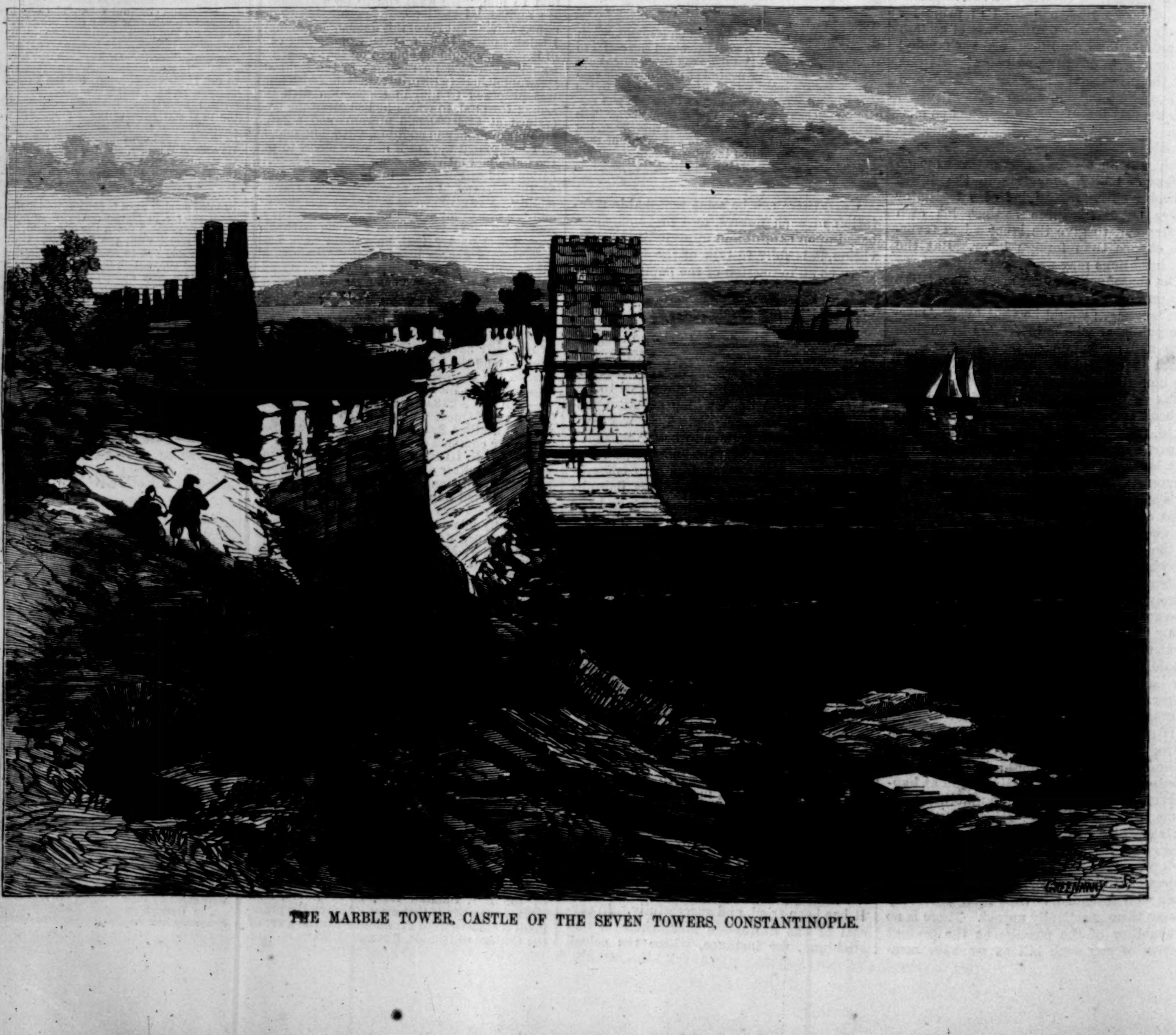
General Miles at length succeeded in dislodging the Indians from their strong position. They retreated fighting, and were closely pursued by our troops as far into the rugged defiles and ravines of Wolf Mountains as the limited supplies at General Miles's command would permit with safety. The troops then returned to the post on Tongue River, in excellent condition, considering the severe hardships they had endured on the expedition. The chastisement inflicted on the Indians was most severe, and can not fail to have a salutary effect on other hostile bands. This decisive victory was happily gained with little loss of life on the part of our troops, and the number wounded was also small, when the character of the fighting is considered.

Hunting Indians is not a pleasure excursion at any time, least of all in the winter season in a region like that where General Miles has been campaigning against the hostile tribes; and doubtless the gallant men who have so severely punished Crazy Horse and his band join heartily in General Sherman's hope that the success they have achieved may put an end to active hostilities, and allow them a respite from their exceptional hardships.

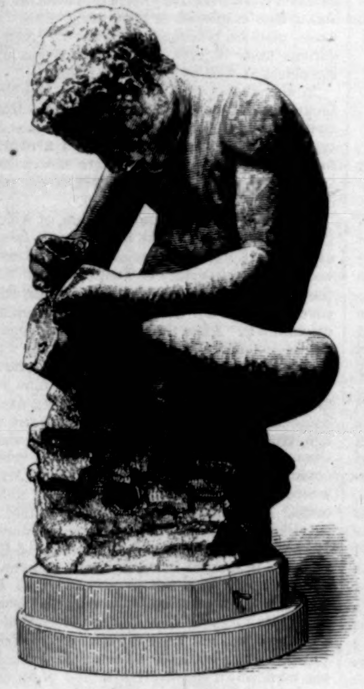
THE MARBLE TOWER.

The castle of the Seven Towers, of which the Marble Tower shown in our illustration forms a part, is one of the most interesting relics of ancient Constantinople. It is the only castle remaining in the city. It was a part of the old line of fortifications on the western side of Constantinople, which was destroyed by the Turkish captors in 1453. These ancient fortifications are exceedingly picturesque. Mr. J. L. Stephens, the well-known American traveller, and author of some of the most brilliant and fascinating books of travel ever published, thus describes their appearance at the time of his visit in 1836: "Few things in this ancient city interested me more than my walk around its walls. We followed them the whole extent on the land side, from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn. They consist of a triple range, with five gates, the principal of which is the Cannon Gate, through which Mohammed II. made his triumphal entry into the Christian city. They have not been repaired since the city fell into the hands of the Turks, and are the same walls which procured for it the proud name of 'the well-defended city.' To a great extent they are the same walls which the first Constantine built and the last Constantine died in defending. Time has laid his ruining hand upon them, and they are every where weak and decaying, and would fall at once before the thunder of modern war. The moat and fosse have alike lost their warlike character, and bloom and blossom with the vine and fig-tree."

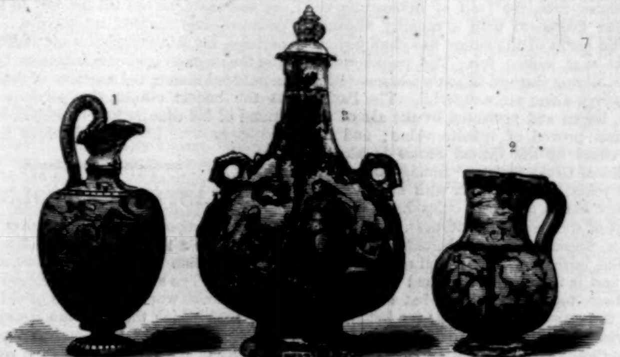
The "Castle of the Seven Towers" is one of the most picturesque portions of these ancient fortifications. Originally built as a citadel, it was afterward used as a state-prison for princes and the embassadors of nations at war with Turkey. It is now, however, a complete ruin.



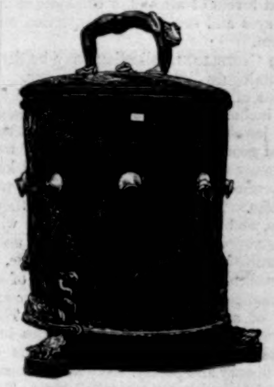
THE MARBLE TOWER, CASTLE OF THE SEVEN TOWERS, CONSTANTINOPLE.



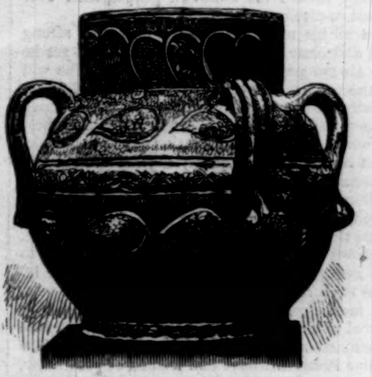
The Spinario—Marble Statue.



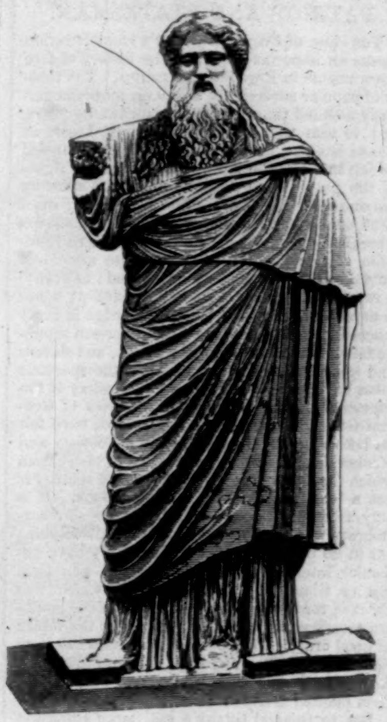
1, 2. Vase and Pitcher, decorated in Style of Raphael.—Rome. 3. Urbino Pilgrim's Bottle, painted by Orazio Fontana.



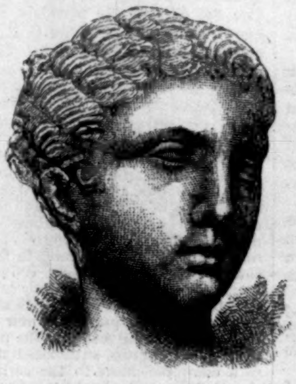
Bronze Cista, containing a Lady's Toilet and Bathing Utensils Found at Præneste.



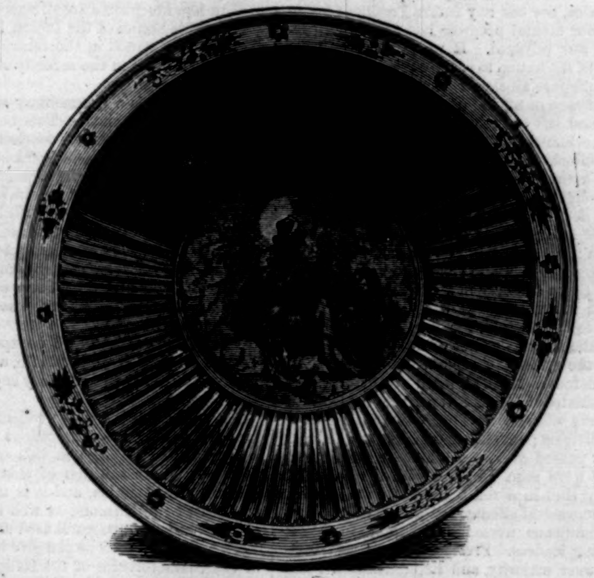
Siculo—Arabian Vase.



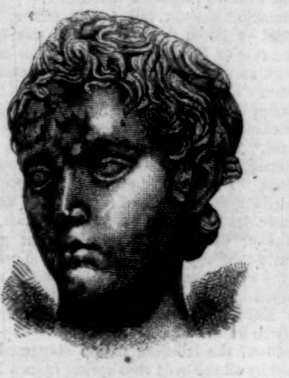
The Indian Bacchus—Marble Statue.—Found at Posilippo.



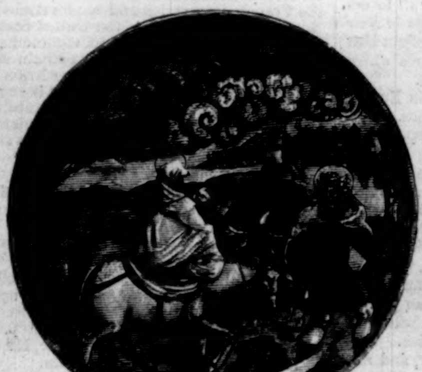
Portrait Head in Marble.



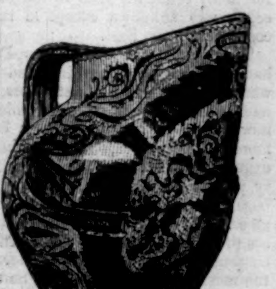
Bowl—the first European Porcelain made at Florence, about 1585.



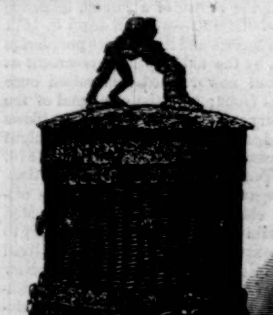
Portrait Head in Marble.



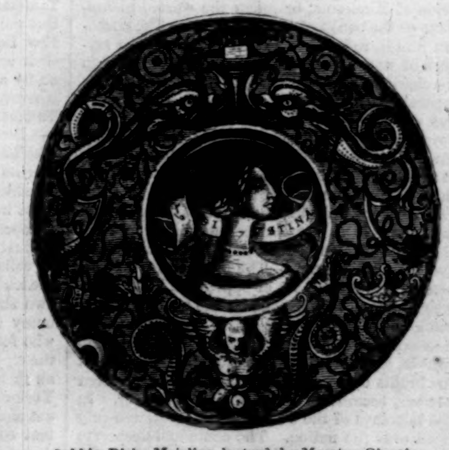
Majolica Dish.—Castel Durante, 1526.



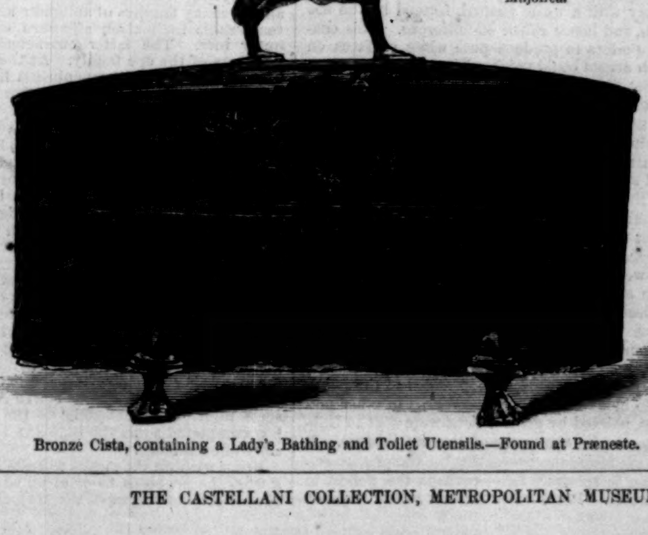
Boccala of Gubbio—Lustred Majolica.



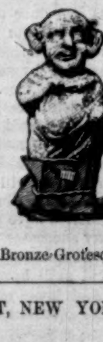
Bronze Cista, containing a Lady's Toilet and Bathing Utensils.—Found at Præneste.



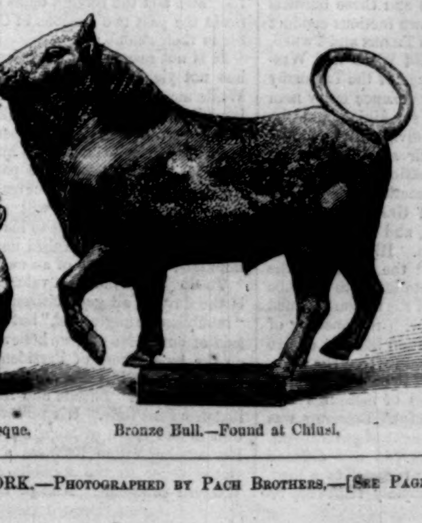
Gubbio Dish—Majolica, lustred, by Maestro Giorgio.



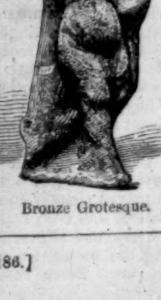
Bronze Cista, containing a Lady's Bathing and Toilet Utensils.—Found at Præneste.



Bronze Grotesque.



Bronze Bull.—Found at Chiusi.



Bronze Grotesque.

THE CASTELLANI COLLECTION, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.—Photographed by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 186.]

PRESIDENT GRANT,

PATRIOT AND STATESMAN.

The close of President Grant's administration marks an important epoch in the history of free governments in Europe and America. The theory of popular sovereignty was never more dangerously assailed than within the last twenty years, and to that theory, it is safe to say, President Grant has lent an unchanging support that will be felt in all future ages. In Europe the rights of the people were almost established anew by the suppression of the rebellion in America; since 1865, education, freedom, progress, have made extraordinary advances in the chief Western European states: in England a complete system of public instruction has been introduced; in France a republic; at Rome a liberal monarchy; Spain is moved by a new impulse; knowledge is every where increasing. But had the American republic fallen before the party of reaction, and slavery and ignorance triumphed together, the spectacle must have discouraged forever the leaders of European freedom. Happily the victories of General Grant, like those of Washington, were felt on both sides of the Atlantic, and Toryism and mediævalism have received a series of blows from which they will not easily recover. A century is not a long period in the life of nations. It is only a century since the theory of popular sovereignty was openly proclaimed at Philadelphia; yet in no period of the world's history have humanity, intelligence, industry, religion, won such lasting triumphs. Their progress, which was checked for a moment by the revolt of the Southern secessionists, has been restored by the return of good order. The chain of connection has been renewed, and once more the ideas of the early Republicans and their progressive school have been planted firmly in the minds of Americans.

But to General Grant a still more important duty was allotted, and by the common voice of all the educated part of the nation, he was called to aid in the reconstruction of the government which had been so shaken by the rebellion. No one who is familiar with the condition of the country ten years ago—and the number of those who seem to have forgotten much of the past is quite remarkable—can fail to remember with what hopeless gloom the public mind was filled under the rule of President Johnson. The death of Lincoln seemed almost fatal to the return of good order. Rebellion once more raised its head in Mississippi and in Texas. The Ku-Klux began their shocking outrages throughout all the Southern States. The Republican party, divided and disheartened, seemed about to perish in endless dissensions. The friends of Johnson were arrayed against the friends of Union; the astute Democratic leaders joined themselves with the unfaithful or disheartened Republicans; great Democratic meetings were held in New York to sustain the administration; the advocates of slavery planned its revival, and the enemies of freedom in Europe and America looked forward hopefully to its utter fall.

In 1866–67 the laboring nation staggered on oppressed by all the evils that spring from a long and perilous war. Its commerce was lost, its productiveness checked, its boundless treasures lay as waste as those of Mexico or Spain. Not men enough seemed left to cultivate the fair fields of Minnesota, or renew the wasted plantations on the banks of the Mississippi. The Southern States, reduced to extreme want by the ravages of war, lay almost dependent for life upon the charity of the government. The Pacific States, separated from the rest of the Union by a pathless wilderness, had scarcely yet discovered their own boundless resources. Only a comparatively narrow chain of cultivated communities was left to sustain the burdens of the nation and to form the centre of its returning prosperity. Over these States hung a debt that a few years before would have seemed to promise certain bankruptcy to the whole Union. Enormous taxes oppressed every branch of trade. The income tax, the succession tax, and a host of oppressive impositions weighed upon industry, and made poverty doubly intolerable; and, above all, a currency whose fluctuations rendered an honest business impracticable, and whose depreciation had thrown all the profits of commerce into the hands of foreign nations, seemed entailed upon us forever. In the last days of the Johnson administration ruin hung over the nation. The acute and desperate leaders of Tammany Hall seized upon the perilous moment to add to the general danger. They formed a close league with the rebellious faction at the South. They encouraged the disorders in Texas or Louisiana. They charged upon the Republicans all those distresses and those burdens which had come from their own factious conduct alone. In strange association Tilden and Tweed, Belmont and Kelly, Fisk and Wood and Winthrop, appeared at the meetings of the Tammany Society, and denounced with violence every man who had labored and died for Union and the people's rights. In 1867 the divided Republicans were beaten in many of their strongholds; the energy and intellect of the nation seemed about to sink before the party of reaction.

It was then that General Grant once more rallied the party of progress, and saved the government of the working-men. His nomination, his election in 1868, renewed the energy of the people. The Democratic victories were at once reversed; the wiser portion of the nation resumed their hopes and plans; and with the opening of President Grant's administration began a course of policy that has restored and revived the country. His rule was at once felt to be an assurance of peace. He began a series of measures that have proved signally successful. Economy was introduced into every department of government. The army was almost disbanded and diffused among the people, the navy reduced to a moderate size. Taxes were rapidly removed, reforms provided for all the methods of collection. The immense debt, the fruit of Democratic rebellion, has decreased with a rapidity unparalleled. The credit of the nation has risen beyond what was ever looked for. The public works completed during General Grant's administration of themselves alone are wonderful. The Pacific Railroad, begun and perfected by the aid of the nation, has proved of infinite value; and the railway chain of the United States is already treble that of Great Britain. Immigration, within eight years, has flowed in with an excessive tide. New States and new cities have risen in the midst of the desolate wilderness. The Southern States, where their own misguided population will permit, have almost recovered their old prosperity; and it is possible that had not General Grant been too attentive to what seemed the voice of the people, but was only the loud outcry of the weak and timid, he would have enforced, by the authority of all the nation, the observance of the supreme law in all the districts recently in revolt. Generous and lenient he has ever shown himself toward the Southern people, their ever wisest counselor and friend.

In all his measures President Grant's strong will and clear perception are visible, and yet he has always proved his real deference to the will of the people. Two measures which he has advocated with unusual ardor have yet to be carried to perfection. One is the return to an honest currency, and one the education of all the people. That a disordered currency destroys commerce, depresses trade, impoverishes, leads to panics and endless evils, history every where shows. England, France, and Germany have grown rich because they have kept their money at its real value. Our own country, which has been too long left to the mercy of foreign usurers, General Grant insists shall return to a metallic currency; his veto, his messages, and his wise financial policy have served to hasten such a result. And to the cause of education he has lent an equal support. Few of our Presidents have had leisure, or sometimes, perhaps, sufficient intelligence, to give proper attention to this important theme. General Grant's speech at Omaha struck the public ear of England and America, nor can any future President fail to see that our mental progress has as yet been inferior to our physical. It was the aim of the founders of the nation to reverse this order. They hoped to prepare all their citizens for the exercise of the suffrage or official duties by a common education, and left to their posterity an injunction to enforce knowledge that has as yet been only partly fulfilled.

Of the many striking and memorable events of the past eight years it would be impossible to give any detail. The telegraph has crossed the ocean, the steam-engine climbed the Sierras of California; peace has been maintained with all foreign powers; England yielded to an honorable demand; Spain has been gently yet firmly treated. The great war that swept over Europe brought no harm to us, although the sympathy of the majority of the nation was not with imperial France. Peace is the symbol of republicanism, education its chief defense. In 1872, when President Grant was nominated a second time, the Republican party, every where victorious, was agitated by a strange division; several of its early and famous members passed over to the side of the Democracy, and were seen laboring with the chiefs of Tammany Hall in a remarkable companionship. But the unnatural alliance fell with an utter ruin. Few Republicans were found willing to follow their erring leaders. President Grant was elected by a vast majority, and Republicanism ruled wherever a free election could be held. But Tammany Hall, the centre of a foreign influence —a Roman Catholic club—stricken down in 1871 with all its corruptions and its vices, its plunderers and its dupes, by the aid of the government at Washington, had now revived and raised once more its odious front; took the command of the Democratic party again; aimed its sharpest blows against the defenders of the Union. This might be called the campaign of slander. From 1873, the leaders of Tammany Hall, unconscious of their own shame, began to assail with boundless calumny all the chiefs of the Republicans. Men who felt "a stain like a wound" were exposed to the repulsive assaults of Democrats who had lived all their days in the tainted atmosphere of New York rings, who robbed without mercy, stole without shame. A sudden event aided them. A violent commercial panic passed over Europe and America; labor ceased; a vast unemployed population, discontented and excitable, listened to the calumnies of the Democracy, and voted with the opposition. The rebels once more grew active, and a House of Representatives ruled by the Confederates and the foreign clubs of New York has made the past two sessions of Congress memorable in their shame.

It is not necessary to say that General Grant has not yielded to the clamor of his enemies. While many timid Republicans have sunk before it, while some have even attacked the President with feeble insinuations or open reproach, he at least has never wavered. To him Republicanism owes its final success. The party of education, humanity, honesty, and progress has once more been saved by his firm will and resolute prudence. And he commits to his worthy successor the cause of Republicanism unsullied by selfish impulses, and capable of an endless advance.

To do just honor to a valuable public servant is the duty of all good citizens. It is said that "republics are ungrateful," but this ought not to be said of ours. No one, we believe, who looks back on the long career of President Grant will fail to see that he has deserved well of his country and of his age. Europe and America have profited from his toils. His military successes were won in the cause of labor and human equality. His administrative firmness and skill have restored order to the republic and hope to the Western continent. Amidst the fiercest calumnies of dying Toryism and mediævalism, of slavery and caste, he has led the way to the paths of progress, and insured its success. And when, perhaps, his military glories are faded with time, and the eminent soldier is forgotten, he will be remembered among the worthies of the New World as the honest citizen, the patriotic leader, the friend of his country and of mankind.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE CASTELLANI COLLECTION.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has secured the loan for a time, and now exhibits, the Castellani collection which was at the Centennial Exposition. The small rooms assigned in Philadelphia to these wonderful works of old art, and the long time which the few who could crowd into the rooms devoted to them, prevented a large majority of the visitors from even seeing them.

The Museum of Art has given up to them its large picture-gallery, and they are now arranged so that lovers of art and of the antique can feast their eyes and souls in the inspection and study of them.

The Castellani collection may be divided, as the catalogues divide it, into two parts. The one consists of objects of ancient art, found chiefly in Italy, including marble statuary, bronzes, gold and other jewelry of ancient and mediæval times, engraved gems, ivories, articles of ladies' toilet use, and many exquisite little things well known to old Etruscans and Romans, but which puzzle us moderns. There are dice wherewith they played games, and odd-shaped instruments wherewith they scraped their skins in the bath, and combs and hair-pins and sundries inexplicable, magnificent necklaces of shining gold, rings of delicious workmanship, bracelets that are fit for any white arms of ancient or modern times. The ladies of Præneste kept their toilet articles in superb bronze boxes, engraved with various subjects from history and poetry. We illustrate several of these rich dressing-cases, called *cistæ*. They were found well stocked, and their contents, even to the rouge, are now exhibited to modern ladies' eyes to show how much alike are all ages and all peoples.

The noble statue of the Indian Bacchus, which we illustrate, stands in the centre of the collection, and is grand in the serenity of his calm face and giant figure.

The Spinario is a fragmentary statue of Greek work of the best school. This beautiful relic is probably one of the statues decreed by the Roman Senate in honor of the shepherd boy who, seeing an enemy advancing in the night, ran to Rome to warn the Senate. On his way he pierced his foot with a thorn, but did not stop till he had delivered his message, and then sat down to extract it.

The portrait heads of emperors and empresses and of unknown Romans and Roman ladies form a series of great interest. Some of the unknown faces are of beautiful women, who were belles in their day.

Among the bronzes will be specially noticed the fine bull which we illustrate, a Cupid fishing, another Cupid flying, and many engraved mirrors and toilet articles.

The other division of the collection consists of rare and remarkable illustrations of ceramic art in Italy. The majolica in this collection is the first great representation of this art which has been seen in America, and it is the hope of the trustees of the Museum, as well as of all lovers of art, that it may be purchased and kept in New York. Our illustrations can give but a slight idea of the characteristics of the Italian wares which gleam in the cases with rainbow effects.

No artistic pottery had been made in Europe for many centuries prior to the fifteenth. Porcelain was unknown except in rare specimens coming from the East.

The Saracens all the way from Persia to Spain had produced very beautiful and characteristic wares, decorated in brilliant colors, and often ornamented with a peculiar gleaming decoration, now known as lustre. Saracen buildings were more or less covered, outside and inside, with tiles exquisitely painted. Early in the fifteenth century, possibly in the fourteenth, the Italian potters began to paint wares and cover them with lead glaze. This is known as mezza-majolica. This art progressed in the fifteenth century, and was continued somewhat in the sixteenth. Most of the mezza-majolica copied the Saracen styles of ornament, even after the introduction of painting portraits, armorial designs, and other subjects. The Castellani collection exhibits numerous fine specimens of mezza-majolica of various periods.

About 1438 Luca della Robbia, in Florence, a sculptor, learned the Saracen art of covering pottery with a white enamel, formed by the use of tin, and hence called stanniferous. This enabled potters to produce pure white surfaces on which artists could paint. The potters, however, did not like the new art. Luca practiced it with great effect in producing relief-work, but it was not till the beginning of the sixteenth century that it became popular in the potteries.

Then, however, artists began to find the tin enamel suited to their purposes for grand effects, and the art sprang into the splendor which this collection illustrates.

But the especial glory of the art remained to be discovered. There was one Giorgio Andreoli, who went to Gubbio, in the duchy of Urbino, and there either obtained from an unknown source or discovered the art of decorating pottery with lustre. This art he pursued, and his *bottega*, or workshop, produced the most gorgeous effects in ruby, gold, silver, emerald, and copper lustre. This lustre was a decoration added to the painting to heighten the effect. Works of other potteries, painted by great artists, were sent to Gubbio to receive the lustre of Maestro Giorgio. It is in the lustre specimens that the Castellani collection is specially rich—perhaps the richest in the world. These wares are now so highly prized that such a plate as the Hercules and Antæus is worth a thousand dollars, for this combines the work of beautiful painting and rich lustre.

The best period of the majolica is from 1530 to 1560. All over Italy were potteries at work, and artists employed in decorating urns, dishes, vases, plaques, pharmacy jars for druggists, and various other objects. Caffagiuolo was one of the oldest as well as one of the ablest.

In the duchy of Urbino, besides Gubbio, the factories of Pesaro, Urbino, and Castel Durante were famous. The works of such artists as Francesco Xanto, Orazio Fontana, and a short but brilliant list of other names, are now prized at far more than the weight in gold of the pottery dishes on which they are painted.

A great treasure of the collection, of which we give an illustration, is the finest known specimen of the first European porcelain. In 1585, at Florence, in the laboratory of Francesco de' Medici, the art of making a species of porcelain was discovered. It is not true hard-paste porcelain, but resembles it. After the production of some good work—no one knows how much—the art was lost for a century. Specimens of this are rare. A bowl in the collection, decorated in blue with a figure of St. Mark, is the best known example. Some of our English contemporaries, a few weeks ago, regretted, with British self-esteem, that the Cesnola collection had left England, where it could be appreciated, and had gone to America, where it would be useless, for lack of able students. It may interest them to know a fact about this Castellani specimen of Florentine porcelain. It has been studied by all the *savants* of Europe who are interested in ceramic art, and the decoration signed with the monogram of G. P. discussed, and pronounced to be either by or a copy of Giulio Romano, whose name was Giulio Pippi. The bowl had not been a week in New York before American students pronounced it manifestly the work of an engraver, or a copy of an engraving, from its peculiar style; and then a private collection in New York produced, to the great satisfaction of Signor Castellani, the original of his St. Mark in a rare uncatalogued engraving of Marc Antonio Raimondi. It is, of course, possible that Giulio Romano painted the picture which Marc Antonio engraved, but as he died long before the date of the porcelain, and was never known to use the signature G. P., there is small reason to connect him with it. The specimen is of the highest interest.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The annual report of the Library of Congress for 1876 shows an aggregate of 311,097 volumes of bound books, and about 100,000 pamphlets—an increase of 17,590 books and 8636 pamphlets during the past year. The librarian renews most urgently the appeal to Congress for the erection of a building to accommodate the library, and shows that in the present crowded condition books are so piled on the floor as to prevent access to those in the cases. He also asks for an appropriation to publish a new catalogue, the manuscripts being ready for the purpose. Some time ago Congress authorized the preparation of a complete index to the series of Congressional documents, to be conducted under the charge of the librarian. This will make a voluminous work, and an appropriation for the printing is recommended.

A few years since Congress purchased a very valuable series of manuscript records relating to the French discoveries and explorations in the Northwestern portion of the United States and on the Mississippi. The first volume has been published, and the whole will contain six volumes of text, with maps. As the edition of this work (500 copies) was very small, it is suggested that instead of being given away gratuitously, they be exchanged with historical societies and libraries for any books deemed equivalent in value.

It is announced that Dr. Ahlquist will proceed in the spring of the present year on certain ethnological explorations among the Voguls and Ostyacks of the Obi.

Messrs. Behm and Wagner have published a report in Petermann's *Mittheilungen* upon the population of the earth. Their estimate amounts to 1,424,000,000; of these, over 824,000,000 are found in Asia, 309,000,000 in Europe, 119,000,000 in Africa, and 85,000,000 in America.

Dr. Maclay continues to add to our scientific knowledge of the Malay Peninsula. He finds savage tribes displaying many points of resemblance with the Nigritos of the Philippine Islands. Two very important peculiarities of these savages attracted his attention—first, the unusually prominent development of the so-called third eyelid—a feature by no means uncommon among many families of animals; and second, a remarkable inclination sideward of the three outer toes. The latter characterizes certain members of the ape family. At the foot of the high mountains of the peninsula he found the Bru ape—an animal superior in size to man.

The Marquis Antinori, who is engaged in prosecuting an African expedition, has found in the King of Shoa a protector and coadjutor, who promises to be of the utmost benefit to African research, an arrangement having been made to establish Shoa as a starting-point from which to prosecute the exploration of the equatorial lakes.

Professor Townend Glover has lately published a continuation of his series of works on the noxious and beneficial insects of the United States, according to the somewhat novel plan entered upon by him several years ago. This gentleman, as is well known, has been engaged for many years in engraving upon copper all the more prominent species of North American insects injurious or beneficial to the farmer, and has completed some 300 plates in an admirable style of excellence.

Being without the means to issue so extensive a work, he proposes to print an edition of fifty sets of each monograph, the text consisting of manuscript written in lithographic ink and transferred on stone. The fifty copies thus prepared are distributed by him to entomological institutions and leading entomologists in this country and Europe, so that the danger of loss of his work, especially the text portion, by fire or other accident, will be greatly diminished. He hopes that at some time the means will be furnished for printing a regular edition; but the copies now published are sufficiently accessible to serve an important part in entomological science.

Several years ago Professor **GLOVER** published a volume on the Diptera, on the above plan, and the present work embraces the Heteroptera, or the plant bugs of the order Hemiptera.

The plates are ten in number, most of them colored, and there are 132 pages of text, with an enumeration of the families, genera, and species, with the synonyms and a minute account of the habits and peculiarities of the species, and with tables showing what insects infest particular plants, and the different plants attacked by the same insects.

The work is in quarto, and is entitled *Manuscript Notes from my Journal, or Illustrations of Insects, Native and Foreign.*

The death of Mr. **DAVID FORBES**, brother of **EDWARD FORBES**, occurred on the 6th of December, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight. For some years past he had been connected with the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain, having been its foreign secretary. Some years ago he published papers entitled "The Relation of Silurian and Metamorphic Rocks in the South of Norway" and "The Geology of Bolivia and South Peru," to which countries for several years past he has particularly devoted his attention.

A new candidate for public favor among the list of scientific periodicals in the United States has appeared, in the form of a bulletin published by the Illinois Museum of Natural History. The most important articles are a list of the orthoptera of Illinois and a catalogue of fishes of the State, in which are enumerated 156 species, embracing those of the Mississippi and Lake Michigan. Several new species are described.

The fact of the highly poisonous nature of the dead human body, as frequently shown in connection with post-mortem examinations, etc., is well known; and Messrs. **MORIGGIA** and **BATTISTINI** have prosecuted numerous experiments for the purpose of ascertaining whether any alkaloid can be extracted from the dead human subject, in various stages of decomposition, which will account for the poisonous effects produced when an extract is administered to a living animal. Guinea-pigs and frogs, treated both internally and by hypodermic injections, were immediately and fatally affected, and the poison is considered to be as deadly as curarine or the more powerful alkaloids. The poisonous substance itself was not separated, but believed to exist as a distinct chemical compound. The best solvent for the extraction of the poison proved to be amylic alcohol.

According to the conclusion of these writers, the human subject loses its poisonous quality seven and a half months after death.

M. **EUGÈNE DUMORTIER** died at Lyons in August, 1876, at the age of sixty-six. He is best known as the author of a work entitled *Paleontological Studies on the Jurassic Deposits of the Basin of the Rhone.*

Some time ago, Captain H. W. **HOWGATE**, of the United States Signal Service, addressed a letter to one of the New York papers in reference to the subject of arctic exploration, suggesting that the best mode of solving the physical and other problems connected with the high north would be the establishment of permanent stations, something like those of the United States Signal Service, at which observations should be made regularly, and from which, as a base, sledge parties might be pushed out in the proper direction.

This idea is not new, having been presented at various times by different persons, and, among others, quite recently by Lieutenant **WEYPRECHT**, of the Austrian arctic expedition.

A bill has since been introduced into Congress authorizing the President to send out one or more expeditions toward the north pole, and to establish a temporary colony at some point near the 81st degree of north latitude, on or near Lady Franklin Bay, the work to be done under the direction of the National Academy of Sciences, an appropriation of $50,000 to be made for the purpose.

This project of the United States Signal Service has been heartily indorsed by many persons familiar with arctic travel, but, of course, it is impossible to judge of the temper of Congress in regard to it. It is greatly to be hoped that the United States may be the first to establish such a station, and to secure the reputation that will result from its success.

The Abbé **BELLYNEK**, a Belgian botanist, died at Nemours on the 14th of January, 1877, aged sixty-seven. He was a member of most of the learned societies of Belgium, and of the Botanical Society of France.

The rapid diminution of the fisheries on the Potomac River can be understood from the statement of the Inspector of Marine Products for the year ending September 30, 1876. During the year 319,079 true shad, 47,500 Taylor shad, 1,488,950 herring, 483,111 bunches of miscellaneous fish, and 919 sturgeon were inspected.

Of oysters there were 355,437 bushels, 704,974 clams, and 316,498 crabs.

In 1875 of shad there were 464,215, while in 1874 there were 628,637. There were also in the same year 6,567,240 herring. In 1875 the number of herring taken was 1,674,465.

This contrasts very strikingly with the statement of the catch in the Upper Potomac in 1834, when 22,500,000 shad and 750,000,000 herring represented the aggregate of these two species.

M. **PAUL BERT** has been making fresh experiments with regard to the influence of various colors on vegetation, and has ascertained the following facts: Green light gradually kills plants. Under the influence of red rays the points elongate and the petioles rise, forming, with the branch from which they come, a smaller angle than in the normal state. The plant seems to wither, but it continues alive. Under the influence of blue rays the opposite is observed, the petioles becoming perpendicular to the branch which bears them. Under white rays we have an intermediate state, the petioles being inclined to the branch so as to form an angle of about 45° on one side and 75° on the other. M. **BERT** explains these facts as follows: At the level of the point of attachment of the petiole there is a motor swelling, which increases or diminishes in force according to the different kinds of rays. Under the action of red rays there is formed in these swellings a peculiar osmotic substance capable of attracting water, and this substance disappears under the influence of the blue rays. If a sensitive plant be placed in a lantern one glass of which is red and the other green, one sees the plant turn its petioles toward the green, that is, toward the color which kills it, and, in fact, it dies. The various luminous rays, then, excite, each in its way, a physico-chemical action on plants.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PROBABLY many of our readers would find themselves puzzled if some inquisitive child should suddenly demand of them to say what is the present population of the world. Nor could they be charged with any culpable ignorance if they should confess that they could not tell exactly—within a few millions or so. For the estimated increase of population in 1876 over that in 1875 is upward of 27,000,000. Of course it must not be imagined that this enormous increase is entirely owing to the excess of births over deaths, but in a considerable degree to the results of recent censuses, mainly in Europe and in India, and to a more accurate knowledge of regions hitherto unknown. According to the estimate given in the recent yearly issue of Behm and Wagner's reliable statistical work, the population of the globe in 1876 may be considered as being 1,423,917,000. This estimate is founded on the most recent data which it was possible to obtain from every country. These data result in the following figures for the chief divisions of the globe: Europe, 309,178,300 inhabitants; Asia, 824,548,590; Africa, 199,921,600; America, 85,519,800; Australia and Polynesia, 4,748,600. Behm and Wagner give a list of about 215 towns which contain 100,000 or more inhabitants and 29 whose population reaches or surpasses 500,000. Those at or above a million are London, Paris, New York with Brooklyn (data in 1875), Vienna, Berlin, Canton, and Seangtan, Shanchowfu, and Singanfu, in China.

Arrangements are being made to receive women as students in the New York University, so that they may have an opportunity to take an advanced course of study on equal terms with young men. A plan of operation will be submitted at the next meeting of the University Council, in April.

The Russian Grand Duke Alexis and the Grand Duke Constantine have been quietly enjoying their visit in New York and other cities, it having been their expressed wish to be treated as private gentlemen.

A most singular accident is reported in a New Haven newspaper as having occurred while a man was superintending the hoisting of cakes of ice, by tongs propelled by horse-power, at the ice-house of the State Hospital in Middletown. A cake of ice slipped out, and the tongs took hold of the superintendent's head instead. One prong caught in the corner of one of his eyes next to his nose, and the other in the back of his head, and he was lifted from the ground. The horse was stopped, and he was released. Had the prong shifted half an inch into the eye-socket, he would have been killed.

The old Reformed Presbyterian church at the corner of Prince and Marion streets has been used for some time past as a lodging-house for the destitute. The burial vault connected with the building has not been opened for nearly thirty years, until its recent disturbance. By order of the Health Department, the bodies in the tomb have been removed to the Maple Grove Cemetery, on Long Island. Public notice was given previously, but no relatives appearing, the removals were made according to the general order of the Health Board. There were between 250 and 300 bodies, but only seventeen inscriptions on coffin plates could be read. One of the bodies was claimed by a relative while the work of removal was in process.

For many years after Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" was published there appeared in the newspapers a succession of so-called "Enoch Arden cases." And still they come, as, for example: About ten years ago a party of about twenty-five men left Geneva, New York, for Western mining regions. Two years later all returned except one man, who, they said, became separated from the rest of the party, and could not be found. He had left in Geneva a wife and child. About four years ago his wife, giving up all hope for him, and thinking he must be dead, married again. Lately she received a letter from her supposed dead husband, saying that he had been captured by the Indians and held by them as a prisoner until recently, when he made his escape, and now asks his wife to send him money so he can return to his old home again.

Workmen who are tearing down buildings in Paris to make way for the new Avenue de l'Opera labor all through the night. Huge bonfires are lighted on the vacant places whence demolished houses have been removed, and the work of destruction goes on in the glaring blaze. Electric lights are also used to assist the laborers upon the roofs. The clouds of dust constantly arising, the smoke of the bonfires, the glare of the lime lights, and the weird figures of the workmen combine to make a fantastic scene, and nightly crowds gather to gaze at the spectacle.

During the winter sometimes as many as three or four hundred men destitute of a lodging-place have found temporary rest for the night in the old church at Prince and Marion streets. The pews are used for beds, and in the basement of the building are arrangements for bathing, and for washing and drying the scanty clothing of the men, and for two cents lodgers are furnished with a plentiful but rigidly simple meal. The church has been leased by a wealthy gentleman for the special purpose of affording a lodging-house for the destitute.

A curious but unpleasant experience recently befell a German who can not speak a word of English. He was mistaken for a vagrant, and taken by a Brooklyn policeman before the police justice. The officer said he thought the man was a vagrant. "Is that true?" asked the justice, and the supposed vagrant said, "Yah." "Ten days in jail," said the justice, and the poor man was hustled off, not understanding what it all meant. His disappearance, however, brought to light a daughter whom he supported at school, and a landlord whom he paid, both of whom were surprised to find him in jail. The "vagrant" was discharged.

The "blue-glass" mania still rages. Somebody must be benefited—or fancy so—for violet-colored windows are on the increase, and really give a picturesque aspect to the houses along the street. Strange cures are reported, and the science journals are telling us the profound folly of the whole thing. There must be two sides to make a discussion. We trust we shall not infringe any copyright by culling for our readers some poetical views of the "blue-glass cure" which are floating through the press:

"Every body now is 'blue glass' wild,
From oldest woman to youngest child;
It cures all diseases, dyspepsy and gout,
And puts physicians completely to rout."

"Like hydropathy
And planchette weird,
The blue-glass ray
Will have its day,
And pass away."

"Little Boy Blue, come blow your glass,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the grass.
If you take panes, the doctors can keep
Locked in the drug store fast asleep."

"Spread the glad tidings throughout the land,
And let there be music by the band;
Blue glass, blue glass, 'tis all the rage,
And the greatest discovery of the age!"

The *Court Journal* details a singular escapade of a young alligator at the Brighton Aquarium. The little creature, which is about two years old and eighteen inches long, had been recently placed with some older specimens in a pond, when one day it was missing from its favorite corner. Examination showed something unusual about the jaws of one of the larger alligators, and the reptile's mouth was gently pried open, and the missing little one was found to be inside. The "baby" was at once withdrawn, tail foremost, and appeared to be none the worse for its adventure, saving a somewhat severe abrasion just above its left hind-leg. The two alligators both came from South America, and shared the pond in peace for about six weeks, and from the generally pacific disposition of the larger reptile (which measures over five feet) it is conjectured that the little one had of its own accord unsuspectingly crawled into its open jaws. The authorities, considering the confidence to be rather misplaced, prevented a repetition of the feat by giving the innocent infant separate accommodation in another part of the building.

The methods recommended for the cure of sleeplessness are numberless. Those suffering from habitual wakefulness had better store their minds with remedies, and try one after another, until something effectual is discovered. For what will help one person may be useless to another. One curious method suggested for inducing sleep is for the patient to close his eyes and try to think he is attentively watching a stream of air entering and leaving the nostrils. When the stream seems to be visible, sleep infallibly comes. Another plan proposed is simply to breathe slowly and quietly for a few moments. It is worth a trial. The sleepless person should take deep, slow inspirations, imitating the breathing of a quiet sleeper.

The London Dietetic Reform Society recently had a banquet. The bill of fare comprised only vegetables and fruit, and water and milk were the only beverages. The dinner was well cooked and nicely served, and pronounced satisfactory by both the vegetarians and the non-vegetarians who partook of it. The president of the society stated that he had never tasted animal food in his life, neither did he wear any animal clothing; even his shoes were of canvas.

A curious anecdote is related of the Marquis of Waterford, who, it is said, annoys British railway managers by always riding third-class. One day the marquis appeared at Waterford Station and bought a third-class ticket to Dublin. The railway men thought to teach him a lesson, and for that purpose sat a chimney-sweep down beside him in the car, thinking to drive him out. The marquis surveyed his travelling companion for a moment, and then started for the ticket-office. "Give me a first-class ticket to Dublin," said he. They thought they had him sure, but he simply returned to the third-class car, and making the sweep a present of the ticket, escorted him and his brushes to the first-class carriage, and leaving him there, returned to his favorite compartment.

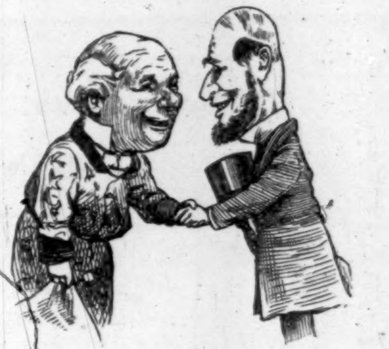
The Emperor of Brazil is said to have met with a disagreeable adventure recently in Cairo, Egypt. Having taken a ride one morning without attendants, on a hired donkey, and not wishing to alight in front of his hotel, he stopped a short distance from it. As he had no small change, he gave the donkey driver a guinea instead of a piastre. The man, having never seen such a coin, concluded an attempt was being made to cheat him. Rushing after the Emperor, who had walked off at a rapid pace toward the hotel, where his suit were anxiously awaiting him, the donkey driver assailed his Majesty with the most horrible oaths in the Arab vocabulary. The Emperor, who does not understand a word of Arabic, but saw that the man was laboring under a misapprehension, endeavored in vain to explain to him that the coin was gold and not copper. In the mean time other donkey drivers hurried to the spot, and followed the Emperor with a storm of imprecations. Thus surrounded, the hapless Dom Pedro at last reached the hotel, where the whole affair was explained, and the donkey drivers disappeared in the twinkling of an eye.

Where do the pins go? Recent calculations show that 50,000,000 pins are daily made in England alone. Of these, Birmingham produces no less than 37,000,000.

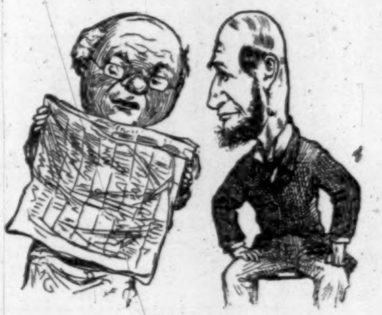
If any body doubts that coffee is a popular drink, a single fact will remove any uncertainty on the subject: the entire coffee crop of the world last year was no less than 900,000,000 pounds.

Last year the apple crop in Europe was poor, consequently there has been a ready market for the superabundant supply of our own country. Early in the season dealers met with losses from being unable to dispose of perishable varieties to advantage; but the hardy winter fruit has proved a profitable export. The largest quantity is sent to Liverpool; next, London and Glasgow take a good supply. In 1876, 146,475 barrels were exported; and since January 1, over 16,000 barrels have been shipped.

A POLITICAL DISCUSSION.



11 A.M.



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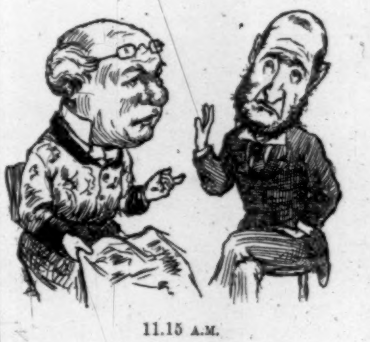

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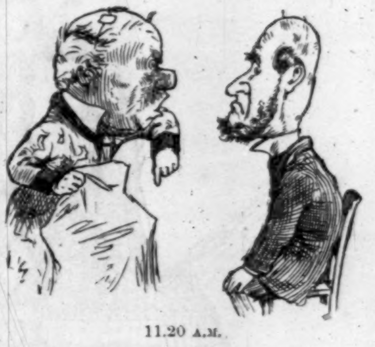

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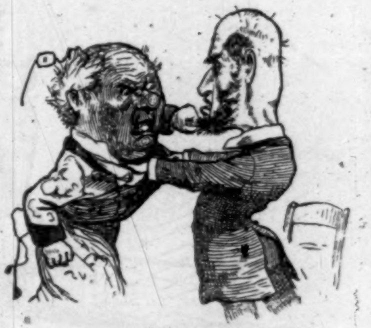

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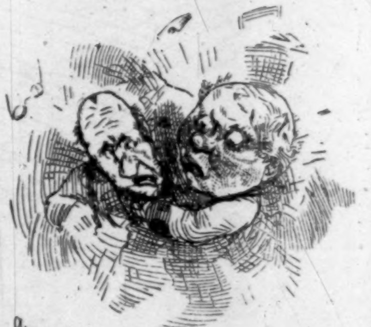
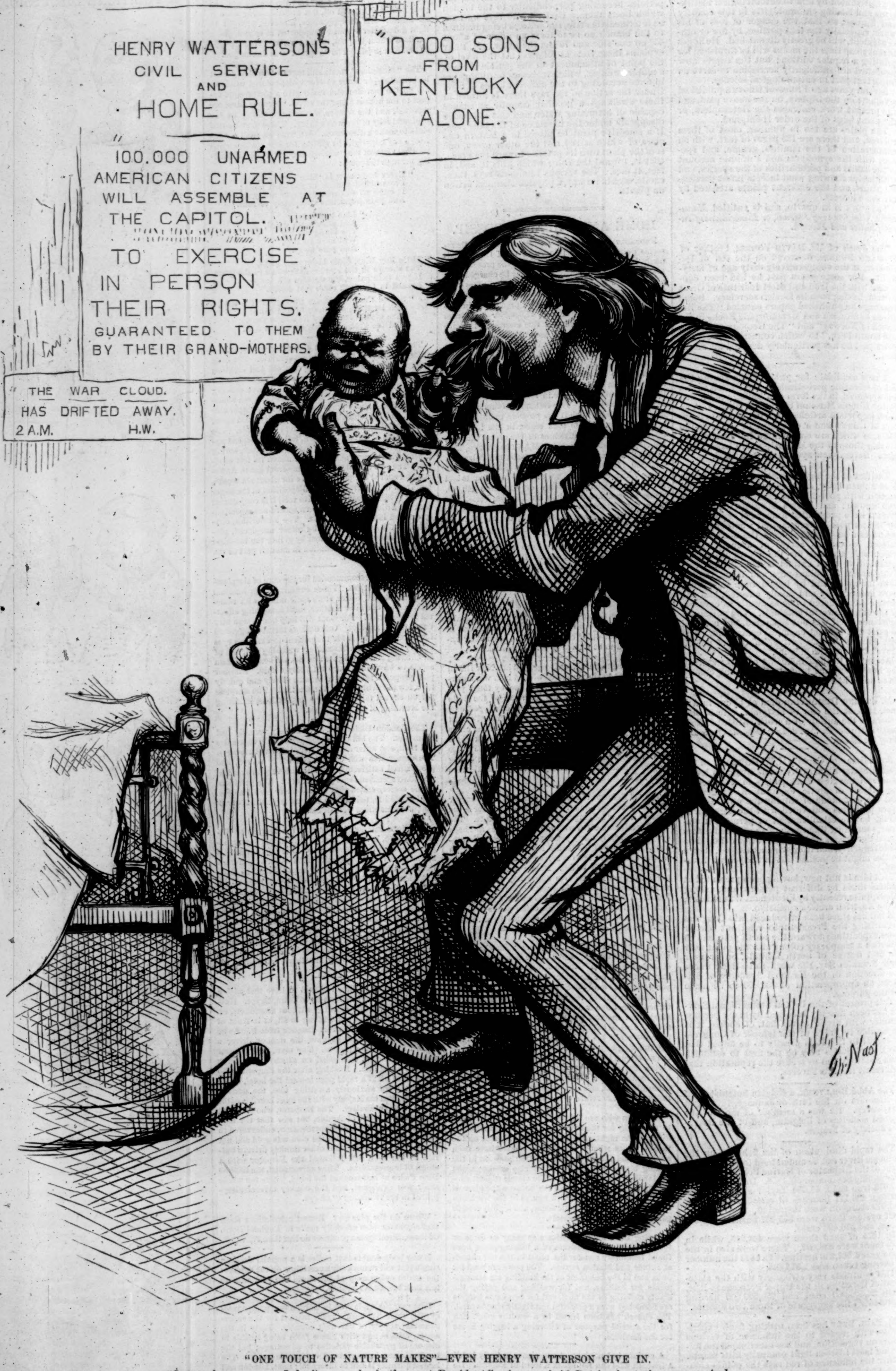


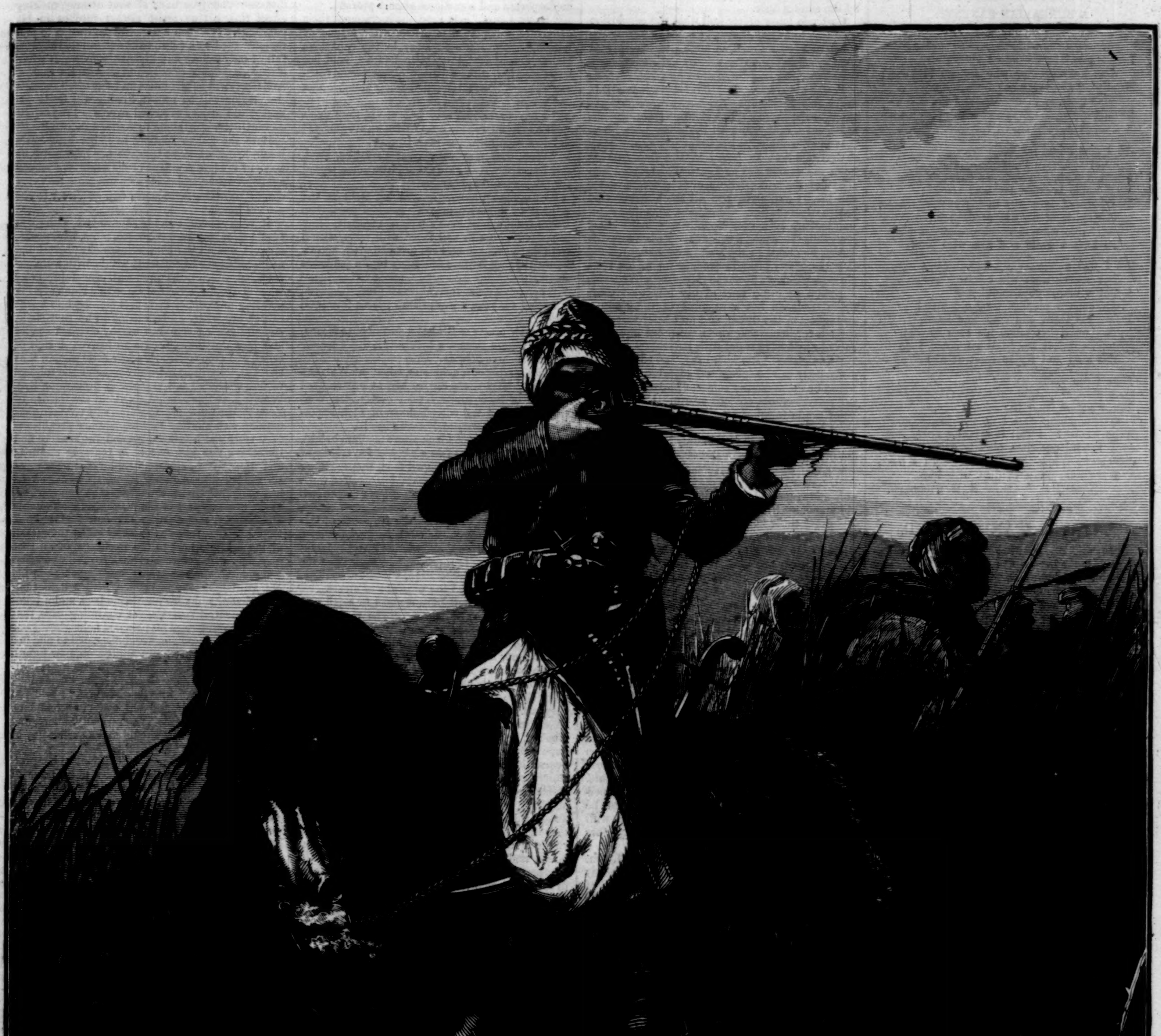
12 O'CLOCK.


HENRY WATTERSONS
CIVIL SERVICE
AND
HOME RULE.
"100.000 UNARMED
AMERICAN CITIZENS
WILL ASSEMBLE AT
THE CAPITOL.
TO EXERCISE
IN PERSON
THEIR RIGHTS.
GUARANTEED TO THEM
BY THEIR GRAND-MOTHERS.
"10.000 SONS
FROM
KENTUCKY
ALONE."
"THE WAR CLOUD.
HAS DRIFTED AWAY."
2 A.M. H.W.
Th: Nast

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES"—EVEN HENRY WATTERSON GIVE IN.

"Let us have peace. I don't care who is the next President," cries our bold Patriarch at *the* FIRST *arrival.*

"The Hon. HENRY WATTERSON has just been presented with a son—weight, 11 pounds."—*Washington Correspondence.*



A BEDOUIN ARAB OF MOAB RETREATING OVER THE JORDAN.—From a Painting by R. Beavis.—[See Page 194.]

SISTE, VIATOR.

A HUNGARIAN FANTASY.

As I was going on my way—
For every man his way must go—
I met a youth, one sweet spring day,
Who knew me, or who seemed to know;
Bright as a lover when he stands
Where *she* is in her bridal trim.
"Stop! crown me." Then with ready hands
I made a rosy crown for him.

As I was going on my way—
I did not dare to tarry long—
I met a man, one summer day,
Of noble bearing, tall and strong:
The light of love was in his eyes,
The spirit of love in every limb.
"Stop! live with me." I thought it wise
To stop a while and live with him.

As I was going on my way,
But slower than when I began,
I met a man, one autumn day—
Ah, such a piteous, poor old man!
I saw his tears, and somehow knew
The grief that made his eyes so dim.
"Stop! comfort me." What could I do
But stop and try to comfort him?

Now I am going on my way,
A chill is creeping over me;
But whether from the winter day,
Or something that I do not see,
Who knows? I feel it stealing near,
A fearful presence, ghastly grim.
"*Stop!*" When that dreadful word I hear,
I shall lie down in dust with him.

R. H. STODDARD.

A MATRON AND A MAID.

THE trunks of Mrs. Fred Walsingham were being packed for her trip to the mountains. Her room and dressing-room, the hall adjoining, and the children's chamber close by, were in a chaotic state of confusion. Billows of muslin and embroidery, of tucks and puffs, ruffles and frills of extraordinary and complicated variety, surged high upon the bed, while each separate chair and lounge and table held a complete suit of its own—of silk and satin, of grenadine and velvet, of cashmere and lawn; it didn't seem to make a particle of difference that the season was midsummer, and that a torrid atmosphere made the lightest and scantiest of clothing a burden and inconvenience. A tyrannical fashion decreed that heavy material should be relieved with light, and light material enriched with heavy, and Mrs. Walsingham was not only a votary, but a devotee, to fashion. This poor little lady, in her morning wrapper of India muslin, looked like a shadow to which even this filmy substance was an incumbrance; and yet, a few hours later on, when the sun has climbed still higher to the meridian, yonder dress of linen and embroidery must be donned, all those skirts and over-skirts, capes, gauntlets, and collars must be laboriously fitted to that slim little body, doubled and quadrupled in folds and puffs, and thus laden down she must pursue her tedious journey.

With all this the young husband, who sat by the window smoking a cigar, did not pretend to interfere. It did not seem to him a burden possible to ameliorate or lighten. They lived in a suburban settlement where fashion was even more supreme than in the great metropolis itself; for whereas in one of the side streets up town a party might keep the blinds closed, and be as independent of the labor of civilization as a Choctaw Indian, it was altogether out of the question in Ashlawn, only fourteen miles away.

When young Walsingham was persuaded to leave the boarding-house in town and go into the country and make a home for his little family, as his friends termed it, he was induced to believe that from that moment his future was assured.

Pretty little Mrs. Walsingham was perfectly satisfied with her removal from town. It was ever so much nicer than the boarding-house, where they were more or less restricted in various ways. All her knickknacks of art and ingenuity, her little marriage presents of plate and porcelain, had been hidden all this time in her trunks, and it was like being deprived of the interest upon a fortune to have them thus shut away from the admiration and appreciation which were by right their dower.

As for city delights, they were rather enhanced than otherwise. There is a very convenient train in the evening if you take dinner in town, and it is always pleasant to meet the Potiphars at Delmonico's, and go from thence to the evening's entertainment. Then there were so many little jollities in Ashlawn; simple, of course, but, dear me! it was astonishing how expensive simplicity was a little way out of town.

"I can't help it, Fred," Mrs. Walsingham would say, when Fred took out that awful blue book of his and commenced to count up expenses; "it's dreadful, I know, but one can't live like a savage. The amenities of life must be considered. We hold a position here in Ashlawn which is either worth something or nothing, and of course you are the best judge of what we had better do;" and Mrs. Walsingham turned her classical profile to the library table, looking dignified and wounded. Fred, looking over, thought she was really, you know, capital style, and just the sort of a woman that a fellow can't bring down; and the blue book was shut up with something like a malediction, the young husband walked across the room, and taking his wife's beautiful chin in his hand, gazed into her handsome eyes, and asked her what was going on for to-night.

A half hour after, Mrs. Walsingham was deep in consultation with dear little Gertrude, her sister, whether it was better for the charades to have the bay-window and a part of the parlor made into a regular stage, with curtains and all, or to simply take the library, and shut the scene out by the sliding door.

Gertrude knew pretty well what the conclusion would be to any argument in favor of saving expense and trouble, and so kept a rather amused silence, while her sister volubly excused the extravagance she had determined upon.

It was always so. Do what Gertrude might to avoid this recklessness, it was always brought about by the machinations of those grim demons, pride, envy, vanity, and all the bitter biting host that shadow the outskirts of Vanity Fair.

Gertrude was as prone to the failings that beset the weaker sex as Laura Walsingham herself, and thought possibly even more of grace and beauty and style, and all the glamour that haloes these charms. Sometimes, when her sister was looking even exceptionally well, and walked gracefully through a quadrille with Granville Thorn, or glided in the waltz with him, or stood in some pretty attitude smiling up in his face, perhaps picking a flower to pieces, or trifling with a ribbon or some part of her toilet—at these times Gertrude felt a swelling of the heart, a strangling in the throat, and no corner was dark enough for her. She would creep out into some corridor and have it out with herself.

"You goose!" she would say, "do you suppose every body can be lovely and adorable? Where would be the necessary contrast? Just be thankful, you miserable, envious creature, that you can be of use in forming a convenient background to show other people off."

And, besides, if she could only bring herself to act properly, and accept the goods the gods provided, she would not have been left out in the cold. There was Dr. Pitcairn, eminently respectable and respected, with a fine practice, a perfect old manor to live in, plenty of money, ancestors, and every thing heart could wish for. He really was a wonderful catch—wonderful; and he was willing to take her to his heart, plain little body that she was; she knew it well. And it was not because that best of hearts was hidden, like a sweet nut, in a rugged kernel; because his hair was red and his whiskers bristly, his eyebrows shaggy and unkempt; because he wore an overcoat in midsummer and only a jacket, perhaps, in midwinter—because of various trifling and immaterial things, Gertrude could not get down on her knees and be thankful. A great many people had persuaded her, and she knew well herself, that it was the greatest mercy in the world he cared for her at all; and how she could find it in her heart not to feel grateful and honored, and full of ecstasy and bliss at the prospect held out to her—how she could even ruthlessly turn away from these blessings, was a mystery to these good people quite inexplicable and inexcusable. It was a mystery to Gerty too, and a very perplexing and saddening one; nobody could be more out of patience with her than she was with herself, and even the leniency of her pretty sister failed to comfort or console.

"I don't blame you a bit, darling," said Laura. "He's a dreadful old frouze, with such horny hands, and so uneven a head. It must be full of queer bumps, I suppose. But, dear me! if one has to be intelligent at such a price, I think I should decline the distinction. I'd rather Fred would merely know enough to get along nicely than to be so very rough and ugly. And as for money, you can be just as happy without it. Look at Fred and me. To be sure, the poor old darling does get a little blue sometimes, but he's soon over it. It's so nice, dear, to have somebody presentable. It really would be dreadful, Gerty, for you to marry some one that would just as lief come into the drawing-room with his stockings over his shoes. Just wait, pet. Every thing will come right; it's coming right now."

Upon which Gerty's pale face would flush painfully, and an indignant, bitter, resentful feeling would so fill and possess her that she would have to run out of the room and hunt the children up or go to work upon the machine—any thing to drive away the hated thought that Laura had divined her secret; that she knew the smooth round head, covered with ambrosial locks, the smooth white hands, kid-gloved and shapely, that were dear to the eyes of poor little Gertrude.

That head was always bent over the lovely one of her sister, those hands were forever busy in her behalf. How dared Laura say that all would come right? Did she think Gertrude was a fool to be deceived in such a hope? Did she suppose she was mean-spirited enough to crave that which was so plainly given to another?

In the mean time an unusually early and trying spring heralded in an intolerably hot and sickly summer. The beautiful eyes of Mrs. Walsingham grew more and more languid, and the vivid red in her cheeks did not hinder her lips from being white and wan; little Adèle began to droop; and Dr. Pitcairn put forth an edict that the household should be banished to the mountains for the summer.

"Get them off as soon as you can," he said to Fred, putting on his great-coat, though the thermometer was somewhere in the eighties. "Don't leave a soul behind, unless it might be the cat. And, by-the-way, the Catskills will do; that's far enough away. Let your wife go up there and take just such a rest as Rip Van Winkle did. What she wants is an entire change in every way. I advise you to see that she gets it."

"The Mountain House," began Mrs. Walsingham.

"Pah!" said the doctor; "not at all."

"There's the Grand View," she pursued.

"Grand humbug," said Dr. Pitcairn. "I'll tell your husband where to take you." And off went this gruff despot.

So began the preparations for the summer season—shopping expeditions, bundles sent to the store, with that dreadful C. O. D. proviso, the little snuggery at Ashlawn turned into a dress-making orgie, Gerty busy with the children's tucks and frills and pinafores, and not a decent meal to be had for fair words or foul. Poor Fred began to be desperate and sometimes almost profane.

"Don't, Laura," said Fred, the morning of their departure, when he saw article after article of wearing apparel stowed away in the capacious trunks, and at last descried in Laura's hand her white chip hat, with its delicate blossoms and cashmere lace—"don't take that thing along. You can't wear it there, you know."

"I beg to know," said Laura, "if they don't wear a covering for the head where we are going?"

"Not such things as that, Laura!"

"Well, they may wear what they like, Fred, but I shall dress as I always do, with some regard for my personal appearance."

So the flimsy, filmy, graceful toy went in, and after it an imported dressing-gown, a present to Laura from one of Fred's business friends. Embroidered with silk and faced with satin, with a train three yards long, Fred groaned when he saw Laura tugging its massive folds into a packable shape.

"You must remember," begged Fred, "that you are going for your health, Laura; it's a farm, you know."

"I know pretty well what a farm-house means, Fred. Where there's a nice set, it don't matter about the surroundings."

But a couple of nights later, when the Walsinghams and Miss Gerty Sayres had at last reached the end of their journey, poor pretty Mrs. Walsingham found the surroundings of such importance that they absolutely made her ill.

Fred, who was not much above medium height, had to confine himself to a strip in the middle of the bed-chamber, as it sloped from thence rather abruptly to every point in the compass. The walls were roughly finished in plaster, a rag carpet covered the floor, a wooden wash-stand, two chairs, and a pine table comprised the furniture of this apartment. Green paper curtains were fastened with tacks and tapes to the windows, and as Laura climbed upon the four-poster, and sank upon the bed with a sob of desperation, a suggestive rustle beneath her betrayed the presence of straw.

"He might as well have sent us to a jail or a poor-house," groaned Laura. "The mean, hateful wretch! Heaven knows what wretched hole Gerty and the children are condemned to!"

But Gerty and the little ones had already gladly accepted the situation. It was another big room on the other side of the hall, the roof even more sloping, but these new occupants were not very tall. There was more rag carpet, more wooden chairs, another four-poster upon which they climbed, and, tired with their mountain ride, perhaps a little pleased with the novelty of the grim necessities about them, they slept well, notwithstanding the obnoxious rustle of straw. Little Adèle's golden curls were close to the raven tresses of Gerty, and long before Fred and Laura had awakened from the disturbed sleep into which they had fallen at midnight, Gertrude and the children had climbed the big bluff opposite the house, and while Adèle's eyes glistened at the raspberries growing wild on every bush, those of Gertrude softened, and with tearful splendor gazed and gazed upon the big misty mountain-tops, near by and distant, as far as those eyes could reach.

But not all the misty mountain-tops and shadowy ravines, floating clouds of luminous splendor or wind-blown summits, neither stewed chicken nor cream gravy, good Graham gems, brown bread and white bread, flaky biscuits, old-fashioned meats and preserves, fresh eggs poached upon delicate toast, mountain raspberries smothered in cream, and many a dainty syllabub contrived to please her fancy—not all of these delights and more could soften the heart or smooth the brow of poor little Mrs. Walsingham.

Despite Fred's remonstrances, she had donned the trailing robe from across the seas, and sailed in to breakfast, leaning upon Fred's arm. But not a soul seemed to care whether she wore a calico gown or in what fashion she reached the table. There were more rag carpets, more wooden chairs, and indeed the breakfast was very creditable; but was it to be supposed she could be satisfied with merely enough to eat?

There were no other boarders, and even these farming people did not seem to be properly impressed with the magnificence of the imported robe.

"You see, Laura," said Fred, apologetically, "they're surfeited with splendor. These folks have it in the sky and the hills. They're used to every color in the rainbow served up by a masterly hand. And somehow Nature, dressing herself up in this way, has spoiled the folks for Art."

Fred was a little touched himself by the beauty of the scene about him.

"Pooh!" said Laura, "don't be ridiculous, Fred. The reflection of these awful green curtains ruins sentiment of any kind, and makes that sickly smile of yours very ghastly indeed. You know very well that it's all a sort of sullen envy. That eldest girl would give the eyes out of her head for a decent dress; and, besides—they can't help it, poor things—there's a crushing sensation in being shut up among these hills. It takes the heart out of one's body when one thinks how hard it is to get over these rough, steep roads; it's like bars and bolts to me. I don't feel as if I could breathe here at all. There isn't a comfortable couch or lounge or chair in the whole place."

"But, Laura," pleaded Fred, "we didn't come to stay in the house."

"And where else can one stay, pray? These miserable rough walls are at least a shelter, and the doors all open out upon this desert. There isn't even the intermediate stage of a piazza. There's no croquet; no one to talk to; nothing to see or do. Yes, it's all very well for you and Gerty and the children to scramble up these hills, and go into raptures over what you call the scenery. I must say I am candid enough to own that I'm disappointed. The fact is, we've come too near; it's like flattening one's nose against a picture. The way to see a mountain is from a distance; then you have all that dreamy, melting effect that a true artist always catches in his paintings. It's such a dreadful disillusion to find them covered with scrub oaks and stunted shrubs, full of ugly gullies and hideous stones. It's like discovering daubs of color put on with the thumb. And Gerty will be all tanned and scratched, Adèle's complexion will be ruined, Freddy will break his neck, and I'm just wretched over it. Fred—I—I—want—to—go—home to Ash—Ashlawn."

Here she fell to sobbing as if her little heart would break—a sight to make her husband take leave of the last remnant of his wits. He rushed out desperately, and made arrangements that very day to leave the farm-house and go direct to the nearest hotel.

Having reached this big square box, with plenty of balconies, summer-houses, tents, hammocks, croquet, and all the outside luxuries appertaining to these places, Laura went within with a thankful heart, which overflowed with peaceful serenity when she found herself again within reach of a big dressing mirror, her little feet sinking into a soft carpet, her weary limbs resting in an easy-chair, and the glaring sun shut out by civilized shades and lace drapery. Fred also heaved a sigh of relief, and even Gertrude—dear little woman that she was, inheriting naturally some of the failings of our charming but vulnerable progenitor Eve, believing, as this lovely lady did in the Garden of Eden before the approach of the wily tempter, that nothing was wanting to complete her paradise—even Gertrude was ashamed and disgusted to find that there was just one little yearning unfilled; and when, after assisting with an elaborate toilet for the children and their mamma, and even Fred had asked her advice about his tie; when she had, to the great disgust of Laura, slipped on a simple black dress, and putting her hair plainly back from her face, followed them down to the piazza of the hotel; when, to the exclusion of all that glorious scene before her, her eyes fell upon just one man among the others standing there in his old attitude of careless grace, with a light sombrero hat shading his handsome face, and a toilet of that neutral severity, yet charming ease, that always characterized his personal belongings, poor little Gerty was ashamed and disgusted to find her cheeks burning, her heart filling—oh, how humiliating it was! Never had that foolish heart beaten so on yonder glowing cloud-capped summits.

"Now you see," whispered Laura, "I told you to crimp your hair and put on your grenadine. I was afraid Granville Thorn would be here, and why in the world you should make such a guy of yourself I can not imagine."

Mrs. Walsingham herself had donned her prettiest costume; her hair was in a fluffy mass of crinkles and curls, her eyes shone like sapphires, her cheeks glowed: many a languid hand lifted a glass to scan this new arrival, and the few gentlemen that lingered in this mountain retreat were stirred to something like energy in seeking an introduction to this new star that had loomed upon the horizon. So began the old life of dissipation and gayety, Mrs. Walsingham the gayest of the gay. No laugh was lighter or merrier than her own, no step lighter in the dance, and now, indeed, she even seemed to appreciate the beauty of the scenery by which she was still surrounded. In their frequent mountain rides she seemed overwhelmed with the pretty freaks of nature, which had before remained unnoticed. She clapped her hands over a little stream, no thicker, perhaps, than your thumb, trickling from a rocky ledge; she lay back and closed her eyes when a spot in their journey was reached at which the phlegmatic driver paused for the usual exclamations of delight; she begged them not to let her see it, it would take her breath away—she could not bear so much loveliness. Fred got down and smoked his cigar, looking over at his wife a little dubiously and anxiously, but, on the whole, with the air of one who approved while he, perhaps, deplored. She was really superb style—there was no doubt about that at all. But when they reached home after these excursions, Laura would creep up to her room, and, pulling off her pretty caparisons, would beg Gerty to undo her stays "quick, quick, Gerty—I shall faint, I'm afraid." And when Gerty's trembling fingers had loosened the strings, and bathed her forehead, and held to her lips a stimulant of some sort, she would revive a little and gasp out an interdiction about Fred.

"Don't tell him, Gerty, don't! he'd take me away again. It was only exhaustion; it's all over now, dear. Let's go down."

There came, however, a night when pretty Mrs. Walsingham stopped several times in the manipulation of her toilet for the evening. There was a tightening sensation about her lungs; she could not get her breath; a cold hand seemed to touch her heart.

"Indigestion, dear," she said to Gertrude. But it was serious and formidable enough to interrupt her pleasure; do what she would, it was impossible to conquer that faintness that almost partook of the weakness of death. So, at last, slipping on the imported robe, she gave up dressing for that night—the more readily, that an idea had entered her head which drove away for the time all disappointment and chagrin.

"Now, Gerty," she said, "will you do something for me, without making any fuss, right away, and without a murmur? Because, if you don't, I shall go down, ill as I am, and really I feel very badly indeed."

"Yes, yes, dear," whispered Gerty.

"Then put on my amber silk there. We're about the same size, and the illusion over-skirt will make every thing right. Let me fix your hair, and wear those blossoms that Granville Thorn got to-day. Yes, yes, don't shake your head—don't tremble like a goose. You shall, you must; I've set my heart upon it."

That heart—which Fred and Gerty could see perceptibly beat beneath the folds of her robe—that poor little heart must not be thwarted. Gerty; with the best grace she could muster, obeyed each separate behest of Laura's; with the aid of Fred curled and crimped her hair; with difficulty escaped the application of a cosmetic; donned the amber silk and illusion over-skirt, Laura's trembling fingers fastening the blossoms in her hair got by Granville Thorn that day; and at last she was led to the big dressing mirror and told triumphantly to look there! She looked, and beheld really a lovely woman, even more beautiful than Laura herself; for the big black melting eyes of Gertrude, the high pale brow, the tremulous lips, the glossy hair massed high upon the little shapely head, among which lay those blossoms of Granville Thorn's, the silk and illusion, the laces and gems—all these seemed but to serve as a graceful drapery that half concealed something yet more charming. The shy color that came and fled, the pleading light in her eyes, told of a pure virginal soul within. She heard with a sense almost of not hearing, so timidly out of herself was she—Gerty heard Laura actually tell Fred to take her to Granville Thorn at once.

"He'll take care of her," said Laura, "and then do you come back to me."

Granville Thorn had been waiting so long for the appearance of Fred with Mrs. Walsingham that he could not repress a start of relief when he saw Fred sauntering across the room, the amber silk trailing at his side. He was so nearsighted that it was not till he put up his glass that he discovered his flowers upon another head than Laura's. Fred had reached him before he could think it was a bore, and was gone again, leaving a trembling little hand upon his arm, before he could make up his mind that that charming head he had already seen.

A head that had always seemed shapely enough to him, but, like that of a fawn or some shy animal, retreating when pursued. He was somewhat amazed and pleased to find it now, beneath his own, crowned with the flowers it had cost him so much trouble to obtain. It brought a faint sense of pleasure, that something new and unlooked for always brings to a satiated existence. That pleasure rapidly increased as he studied this strange phenomenon—a beautiful butterfly that had not cast off all the attributes of a plain little grub. Granville Thorn was amazed to find the hours slipping by, each one fresher, more amusing, than the last. He had been in the habit of getting on with a sort of skin-deep endurance; nothing ever went deeper than a layer of his epidermis. He had, indeed, begun to fear that all anatomy beneath was a piece of mere mechanism. As he was naturally cautious and abstemious, he never had a sensation of pain; but then a sensation of absolute pleasure was also unknown to him. And besides the obtrusive thought that he was cheated out of something very desirable, it was a blow to his vanity. He was perfectly aware that his was the proper height and breadth of manhood, his mustache comfortably long and luxuriant, his nose shapely, and his manner unexceptionable; he knew that he could talk about as well as was necessary, that his health was all that could be desired, that a kind Providence had endowed him with a certain taste in clothing himself; in fact, he was aware that the only desideratum wanting to his existence was a proper amount of feeling. He endeavored in a well-bred way to cultivate it—it was a graceful thing when held in check—but the germ didn't seem to be there; it was not to be reared. He had given it up altogether, when the singular charm of this woman at his side had suddenly called it into being. He was surprised, delighted, grateful, and he told her so.

Imagine, if you can, what these hours were to our poor little maiden—she that had held timidly aloof from this paradise, that feared even to step upon the threshold of this happiness, so supremely dear to the heart of woman—the bliss of being beautiful, attractive, admired, beloved, the bliss dear to the flesh as well as the spirit; for the flesh is so weak, do what we may, it yearns, even if in vain, with thorny bitterness, for the full delight of the senses. To look from afar, like a banished spirit, upon the joys of others—this had been Gerty's heritage; and now to know, to feel, to have Granville Thorn tell her, that she was a part of it all, the chief part to him, to many; for his were not the only eyes that clung to that dim recess where floated upon the floor that amber silk and illusion, and where those blossoms trembled upon that exquisite background.

It must have been past midnight when all this joy was put to flight by the apparition of a white, scared face above her own, and a few words gasped out in her ear:

"Come, Gerty, for God's sake! Laura is ill; I'm afraid she's dying!"

Pale, trembling, bewildered, Gerty was half led, half carried, to the room where Laura lay with the pallor of death in her face, her eyes half closed, her breathing scarcely perceptible.

Who can picture the agony of those long, weary hours of waiting, while Fred sat speechlessly by the bedside, holding the limp white hand of Laura tight within his own, and Gerty crouched in a corner of the room, soothing and caressing the terror-stricken little ones? Two or three medical men had now reached the scene of disaster, but the eyes and ears and hearts and beings of all our little family strained wildly for the announcement of another arrival, that of dear, good, powerful Dr. Pitcairn himself.

Granville Thorn at last drove to the door, the mountain pony panting and bathed in foam. Out came an athletic leg, after it a form enveloped in a great-coat, from the high collar of which rose a head rough and unkempt, but the first sight of it gave a ray of hope to the wretched landlord's despairing soul. The rugged head of this disciple of Galen had something about it that was invigorating, comforting, and inspiring. When it was yet at the end of the corridor, Fred burst into sobs of relief, and Gerty flew in her trailing robe of amber to fall at his feet. For one moment he paused, then went grimly on; but Granville Thorn, his pearl-gray hat discolored and shapeless with the dews of night, his dress-coat dusty and disheveled, his eyeglass completely demolished by one of the doctor's buttons, unwashed and unshorn, led Gerty gently after.

They reached the door in time to see the doctor's head bent over the poor little lady's pale, drawn face, and his air of scrutiny became so severe and stern that poor Fred grasped his coat and cried out,

"For God's sake, doctor, don't shake your head! Have mercy, I beg of you!"

"Tut, tut, man!" said Dr. Pitcairn; "pray to God, not to me. It is her heart. I told you to take her where she could have rest and quiet. There is hope always, but, my good people, it rests with God."

Then suddenly the hand of Gerty slipped from Granville Thorn's; she fell upon her knees, and all at once there came to the fainting hearts of the listeners there a little prayer, child-like, promising, trusting, confiding. It rose sweet and clear, with pleading distinctness, and out into the rayless night it sped, who knows where?

Fred bowed by the bedside, the rugged head of the doctor bent, and Granville Thorn instinctively put up his hand and lifted from his head the limp and shattered covering there.

Three days after, the doctor thought that by easy stages Laura might be removed to the farmhouse from which they had so lately departed. And those were changed hearts that entered that lowly portal and humbly partook of the cheer and hospitality there.

Changed hearts, indeed. The night before they left that big, blank, hateful hotel, Granville Thorn begged Gerty for just one little moment upon the balcony.

"Just one," he pleaded; "I will not detain you."

But Gertrude's hand rested cold on the balcony railing. Her face looked like marble in the moonlight. A chill wind crept up from the valley, and sent a shiver to that impulse of Granville Thorn.

"Miss Sayres—Gertrude," he began, "those hours we spent together in the room within here were the sweetest of my life; they cling to me, they haunt me yet. Say, tell me, I implore of you, were they as sweet to you? Did I revel in a fool's paradise, or was it all real and true, and sacred and divine? Miss Sayres—Gertrude—could you care for me again, forever, as you did then?"

He took her hand from the balcony railing; it lay cold and still within his own. Two big tears rolled out of her eyes, and down upon her plain black dress. The shadow and silence and that thin spectral haze made the melancholy profound.

Granville Thorn felt his heart grow cold, but it still yearned to that impulse.

"Oh, speak—tell me. You *did* love me!" he said, at the same time cursing the instinct that led him to talk of the past.

"I did—yes," said Gerty; "but it is gone; I have it no longer, somehow. It is gone forever, Mr. Thorn."

She looked so sad, and she looked so sweet. Her eyes turned themselves from him, and seemed to seek out in that ghastly vapor for something that fled away.

Granville Thorn had never loved her as he did at that moment.

"It will come again," he said, gently. "I will wait."

"No," she said, "it will come no more!" And then she turned to go. He led her in and bade her good-by, never losing hope for a moment.

And the next day, as they entered the old farm-house, no heart among the th[illegible] chastened and changed as they were, had altered like that of Gerty Sayres.

It almost made her sad, for now, indeed, she had lost all. Ever since that awful night Dr. Pitcairn had found her dressed out in that amber robe with all that illusion about her, with crimps and curls and those flowers in her hair, ever since he had shuffled them aside and tramped grimly on, he had avoided her, and held her in gruff disfavor. He had never known what a silly, trifling, frivolous creature she was. He had thought her a good, noble, wise, and helpful woman, and now that he had found her out, he despised her, of course, as she well deserved.

And as she had lost all, that old sweet, dim, tormenting, delicious phantom had fled away, and now even the regard, the respect, the affection of this good heart was denied her. It was too hard, too bitter—she could not bear it.

So when Laura was out of danger, the good doctor must hurry away to his other patients, and after eating a hasty meal at daybreak, speeding out to the horse that was to carry him over the mountain road homeward, he found upon the door-step the slim little figure of a woman.

"Why, God bless my soul!" said Dr. Pitcairn; "is that you, Gerty?"

"Yes, Sir," she said; and getting upon her feet, she put a trembling little hand upon his arm.

"I could not bear you should go away," she began, "and think it was my fault I was dressed that way the night you came. I had only worn my black dress all along, and put my hair back plain, as I always do; but Laura made me put on her amber silk, and Fred curled my hair, and I couldn't help it, because Laura looked so ill. I didn't dare refuse her. But it wasn't my fault, Dr. Pitcairn, and it isn't fair you should hate and despise me because I was dressed in that way."

Here she paused, because she felt the arm upon which her fingers rested trembling strangely, and looking up in the rugged face above her own, she saw something there that checked her.

"Hate and despise you!" he said, in a voice unspeakably tender. "With all that silk and gossamer about you, with your faded flowers and gewgaws, and all that trumpery of the ball foiled by this sudden blow, you looked so like a little broken butterfly, my dear, that my heart ached for you. I found it hard to forget you for your poor sister yonder, so I wisely turned my head from a fatal distraction, Gerty."

"And you will still respect me, and—"

"I will still love you, dear," he said, "as I have always, and shall forever."

He lifted her quite from the floor, kissed her forehead, and then went off to town.

Who did Gerty marry? Well, I do not know. But as for Granville Thorn, he has gone abroad, and the French proverb says the absent are always in the wrong.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH, 1877.

Sunday, 11.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 18.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 25.—Sixth Sunday in Lent; Annunciation of the Virgin Mary.
Friday, 30.—Good-Friday.
Saturday, 31.—Easter-even.

Mr. **Tooth** in prison is an object of interest to his friends and admirers. He still keeps the keys of his church in his own possession, so that the curate appointed to fill his place can not enter without breaking in the door. Many persons visit the defiant rector; and one of the "Sisters of Mercy" attached to St. James's constantly waits upon him. A bath and easy-chair, with books and papers, quite relieve the bareness of prison furniture, and contribute to the prisoner's comfort. A dressing-room adjoins his cell, so that Mr. **Tooth**'s apartments may be said to be quite luxurious. In fact, society has in our age become so humane that a modern martyr has small chance of winning a martyr's glory.

It is reported that he will not remain long in prison; it would be folly in the government to carry the punishment for contempt of court to extremities.

The wrath just now pouring upon the heads of the English bishops is fearful. Good Archbishop **Tait** comes in for the principal share of it. He and his associates are held responsible by Mr. **Tooth** and the "ritualists" for the enactment of the "Public Worship Regulation Law." One letter received by the rector of Hatcham in jail was thus addressed: "The Rev. A. **Tooth**, Horsemonger Lane Jail, martyr of spiritual wickedness in the palaces of Lambeth and Rochester."

Mr. **Moody**'s meetings, the latter part of the week ending February 17, were largely attended. The noon audiences number about 4500 persons, and at night the Tabernacle is crowded. On Friday, the 16th, "Temperance" was the subject of discourse. In handling it Mr. **Moody** aims to reach the men who are considered to be hopelessly intemperate. Sunday morning, the 18th, he preached on "Daniel," and on the following Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday on "Heaven, and how to get there." Afternoon meetings have been added, making now three daily.

"Uncle Tom," of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is still alive and hearty. At least the Rev. **Joseph Henson**, who claims to be the original of the famous character in Mrs. **Stowe**'s novel, has been for some time in England, where he has received much attention. He puts his age at eighty-eight years. A farewell meeting in his honor was lately held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, at which Lord **Shaftesbury** presided. The English people have given "Uncle Tom" the sum of £1300.

The debate in England which has grown out of the temperance revival is conducted with great vigor on both sides, and in a very practical fashion. Neither party deals much in abstract principles; statistics are more depended upon for arguments. The "Gothenburg system," which has been assailed by Mr. **Lowe** in the *Fortnightly Review*, is defended by Mr. **Chamberlain**, its most zealous advocate. Mr. **Lowe** favors free trade in liquor; Mr. **Chamberlain** answers that it was tried in Liverpool, with such disastrous effects that restrictions were quickly imposed again. In favor of the Gothenburg system of sale by the city governments, the broad principle is laid down that "when the state finds it necessary to impose limitations on the sale of liquor, the control of the monopoly thus created ought to be in the hands of the representatives of the people." In Gothenburg, a city of Sweden, drunkenness has been reduced by this plan fifty per cent. It is probable that it will be tried in the city of Birmingham.

It is not often any good comes of money accumulated by gambling, but one instance worth recording has occurred. Miss **Mary Dancer**, who by the death of her father, a noted gambler of this city, came into possession of a fortune estimated at $500,000, has left by her will $335,000 to various religious and charitable institutions. She is described as having been a lady of fine character and unusually devout spirit.

Much comment is made in Europe upon the bill now before the Parliament of Italy for preventing the abuse of the clerical office. The debates upon it in the Chamber of Deputies revealed great bitterness of feeling toward the Pope. He was denounced as the enemy both of Italy and modern civilization. Evidently the tirades of **Pius** IX. against the Italian government have not fallen upon inattentive ears, and in this debate the Deputies have been determined to repay him with interest. The bill has yet to come before the Senate.

Mr. **Spurgeon** has written a brief history of his church, and a wonderful history it is. The congregation is old, dating from the time of the first **Stuart** kings of England. Twenty-three years ago Mr. **Spurgeon** became the pastor. The "Tabernacle" was opened in 1861, having cost £31,332. It will seat easily 6000 persons. At the close of 1854 Mr. **Spurgeon** had 313 members; in 1859, 1332; in 1864, 2937; in 1869, 4047; in 1875, 4813. A Pastors' College for the training of young men is maintained at an annual cost of £5000; also an orphanage at Stockwell, at the same annual charge. Its inmates are 240 boys, who are fed, clothed, and educated. Forty-five men are kept at work in the city as colporteurs. A Sunday-school of 1000 is one of the adjuncts of the church, and to the list may be added benefit societies and unions of every variety of name.

Messrs. **Moody** and **Sankey** have written to San Francisco that they can not visit that city before the spring of 1878.

The Rev. Dr. **Schaff**, now in Europe, writes that it has been determined to hold the next German Conference of the Evangelical Alliance at Berne, Switzerland. The time fixed upon is August or September of this year. Inasmuch as the care and entertainment of so large a company as will be probably assembled will be a heavy burden for Berne, other cities of Switzerland will co-operate. The proposal of a Conference in Rome has been abandoned in deference to the very decided objections of the American branch of the Alliance. The reason why the next Conference is not held in England is "very complimentary," Dr. **Schaff** reports, "to America. I was frankly told by members of the British Alliance that they could not possibly get up such an enthusiastic and successful Conference as the one of New York, and that therefore they had better not attempt it."

The *Observer* counts seven daily prayer-meetings held in New York city. Four are business men's meetings—one in Fulton Street, known all over the world. It is now in its twentieth year, and has never been omitted on a single secular day. Another is the West Side Meeting, which is held, also at noon, in Greenwich Street, near Warren. The attendance is over one hundred persons. A third is the Business Young Men's Meeting, held in the Laight Street Baptist Church. A fourth is the "Bankers' and Brokers' Prayer-Meeting," which assembles in the John Street Methodist Church. The attendance here is very large. Besides these, there is a prayer-meeting every afternoon in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, and one every evening in the **M'Auley** Water Street Mission, and the Home for Women, also in Water Street. During and after Mr. **Moody**'s preaching in London numerous daily prayer-meetings were held in that city.

The new Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church of Boston was opened for public worship without a dollar of indebtedness. Its total cost was $750,000. Trinity has had an eventful history, the original organization dating as far back as 1728. Five of the former rectors were elected bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The usual carefully prepared statistics of Congregationalism in the United States have appeared in the *Congregational Quarterly*. This is the only American Congregational year-book. The churches are 3500 in number; of these, 930 have settled pastors, and 1783 acting pastors. There are 3333 ministers, of whom 959 are not in the pastoral work. The church members are 350,658; 20,844 members were added during 1876 on profession of faith. The benevolent contributions in 1876 of 2635 churches reporting were $1,278,252; the home expenditures of 1548 churches reporting were $2,584,166. The net gain of church members for the year was 12,345.

The Baptists in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland number 365,797 members. They have 3476 chapels, 1913 ministers, 3524 lay preachers, and sittings for 935,015 persons. In 1867 the numbers were 2411 churches, 2642 chapels, and 321,524 members.

One of the most successful Baptist ministers in Liverpool is a merchant, **Lockhart** by name, who has charge of the Toxteth Tabernacle. His members number 538; his tabernacle has seats for 1700 persons, and is always full on Sunday evenings. Mr. **Lockhart** is still in business, and has been in the service of this church for seven years. He works without fee or reward.

On Tuesday, January 24, the Folkestone ritual case came before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. This court, as newly organized, has five episcopal assessors. The Rev. **Charles Ridsdale** is the perpetual curate of St. Peter's Church, Folkestone. He was charged with ritualistic practices, such as the use of wafers in the Holy Communion, vestments, etc. Judgment was given February 3, 1876, in favor of the complainants by Lord **Penzance**. It was expected that the case would occupy a week or more.

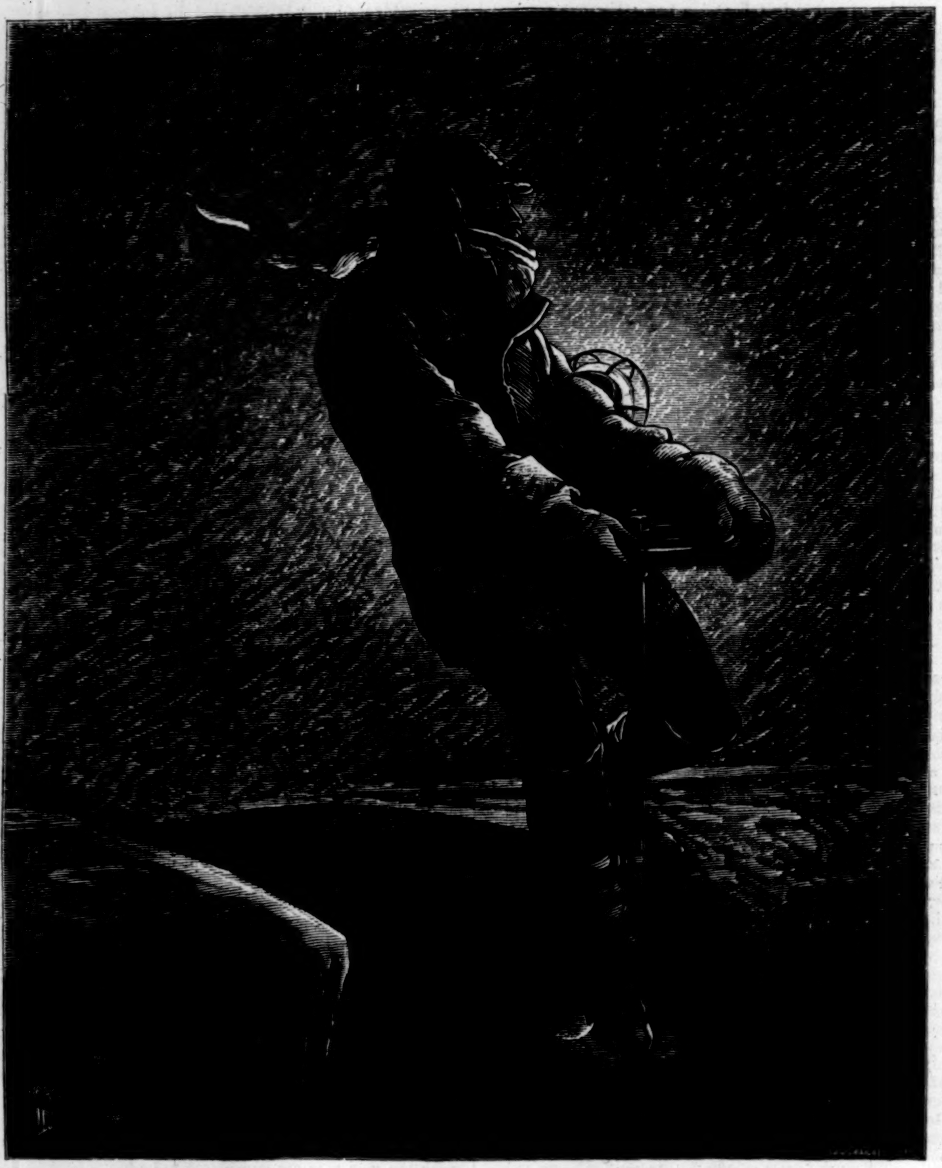
The English Unitarian Year-Book records 362 places of worship in England. Of the whole number, 105 are without and 257 have pastors.

The organization of institutes for the training of laymen for Christian work still goes on both in this country and in England. The Protestant Episcopalians have established a school for evangelists in Cincinnati. On January 3, the Wesleyans of England opened in London a Wesleyan Local Preachers' Institute. The subjects of study will be both literary and theological, and will include Hebrew, Greek, Latin, mathematics, logic, and mental philosophy.

According to the report of Bishop **Marvin**, of the Southern Methodist Church, the Japanese official order for the observance of the Christian Sunday as a day of rest is obeyed only by persons who are in the employment of the government. He explains that the numerous Americans in the service of the state refused to work on Sunday, so that the concession of that day to them as a holiday was a matter of necessity. Practically Sunday is for shop-keepers in Tokio the busiest of the week, for it is selected by soldiers and other government servants as their chief day for shopping. **Isuda**, a native who conducts a government experimental farm, and edits an agricultural journal, puts on his gate on every Sunday morning a sign announcing, "No business transacted here to-day." **Isuda** is a decided Christian.

FREIGHT-TRAIN BRAKEMAN.

The position of a freight-train brakeman is one of peculiar hardship and peril, especially in winter, when he must stand, without shelter, exposed to wind, rain, or snow, ready to obey the sharp warning of the engineer's whistle. For this duty young men of hardy frame, strong nerve, and steady habits are selected; for it requires all these qualities to perform the duties of the post. No one whose nerves are unstrung by drinking could be trusted where a slip of hand or foot, or unsteadiness of sight, might plunge him headlong to destruction. Our sketch, true to life, gives a graphic idea of what he must endure on a stormy winter night, when the brake handles chill through his heavy gloves, and the steps and car roofs are as slippery as the surface of a skating rink.



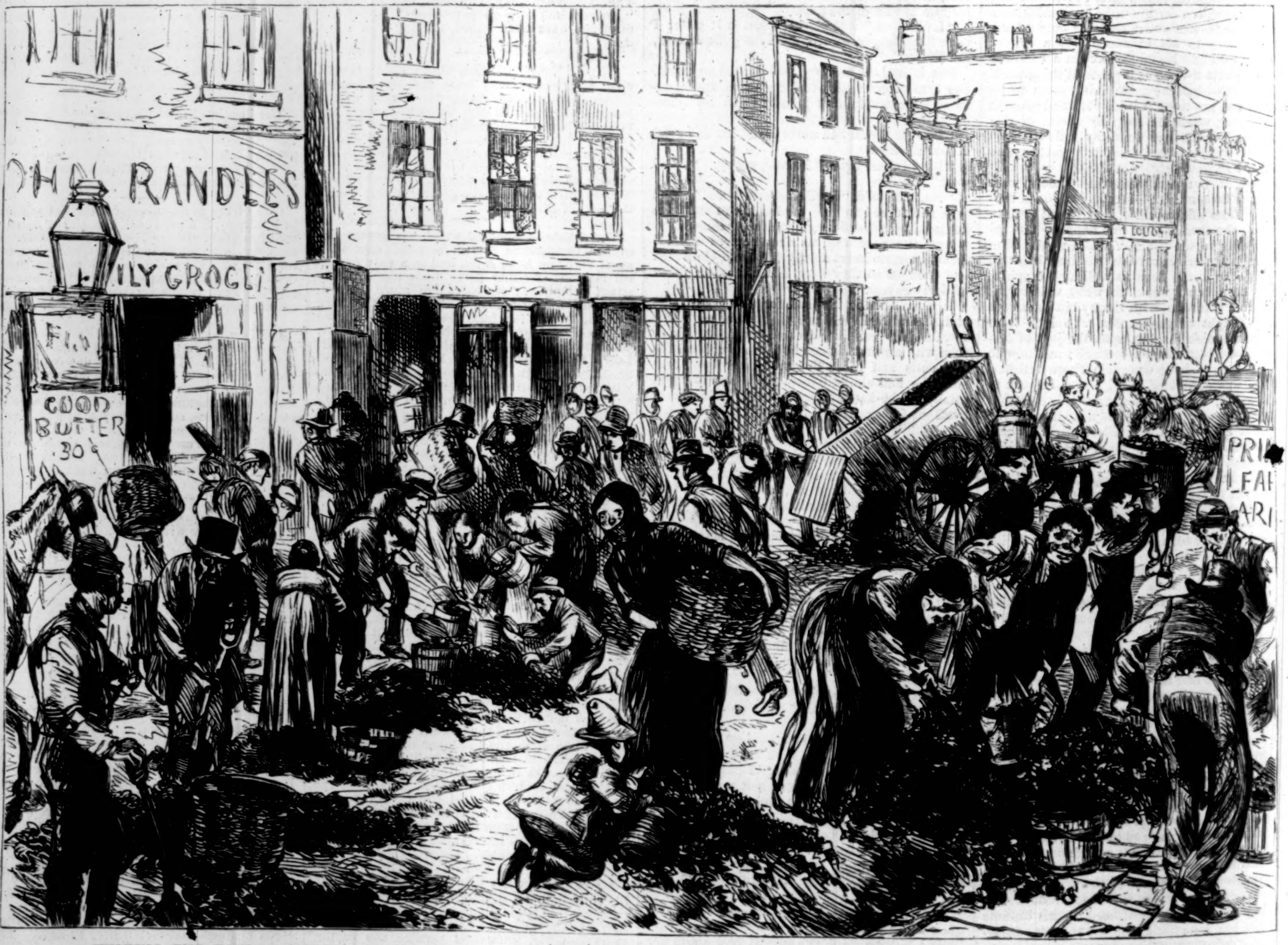
THE FREIGHT-TRAIN BRAKEMAN.—[From a Drawing by O. V. Schubert.]

HELPING THE POOR.

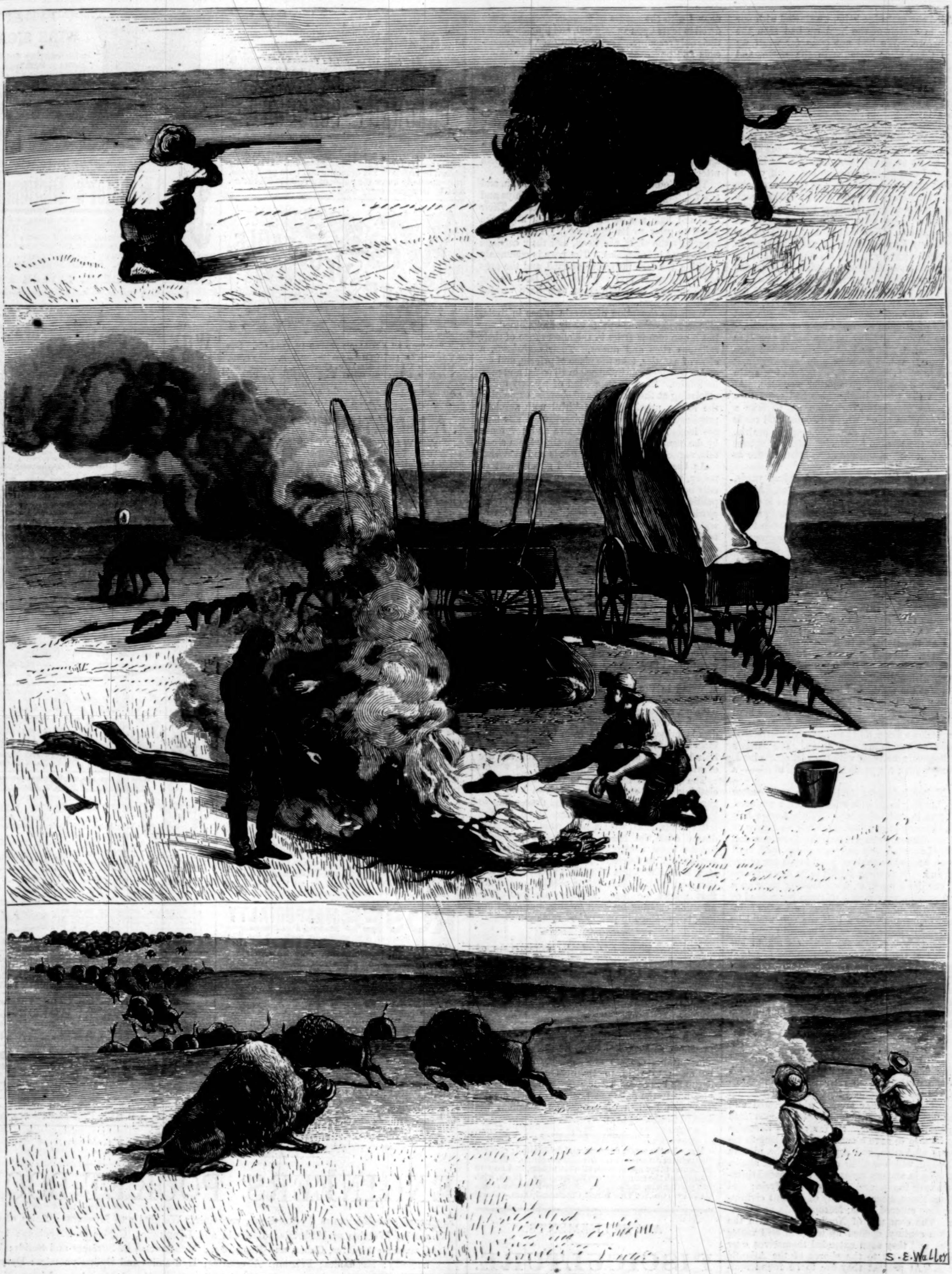
One of our artists chanced to witness, a short time since, in Cherry Street, the scene depicted on this page—the distribution of coal by the city to poor families. Since the middle of January Superintendent Kellock has had the applications of more than 4000 persons for half a ton of coal each, and his office is daily besieged by suffering people seeking this form of relief. The Department of Charities and Correction is giving no out-door relief this winter, there being no funds available for that purpose, but the applicants for coal make known their other wants to the superintendent, in despair of finding help elsewhere. The various charitable societies, embarrassed by lack of funds, can do little more than keep from absolute starvation the families dependent upon them. Mr. Kellock states that the women who apply to him for coal invariably explain that their families are hungry and in want of some money with which to buy food, the couple of dollars given by one or other of the societies being insufficient to provide the necessaries of life for a week. It is the rule among the societies to look out for "revolvers"—that is, people who go from one society to another, getting a little from each—and when any one is found to be getting relief from one society, all the others who know of that fact at once refuse to give any further help. In this way the families of the poor are, in a great number of cases, dependent upon the modicum of groceries furnished by the visitors who go round to the homes of the applicants.

The majority of those who apply to Mr. Kellock for food as well as coal are recommended by him to go to St. John's Guild. Every body knows this institution and its work; every body has come across it or its agents in one place or another for several years past, and thousands of dollars in money and clothing and provisions have been contributed to replenish its stores as they have been consumed. No time was ever so hard in this city that this institution has not been able successfully to make its appeal for the poor, and it has never been heard in vain. In winter, the freezing and starving are fed and clothed; in summer, the pining children and sickly mothers are caught up for a day now and then, and blessed in body and mind by a breath of fresh air and a meal of good things on the hospital barge of the Guild. Unfortunately this institution has not been sustained commensurately with the strain put upon it this season, and several times the treasury has run very low. The great reception at the New York Academy held on the evening of Washington's birthday has done much, however, toward replenishing the empty coffers, and it is to be hoped that during the remainder of the season the usefulness of the society will not be impaired by failing resources. The Fulton Market kitchen is still dispensing daily a good meal to all who may apply for it during the hours the place is open. The same throngs continue to apply daily for this relief, which has been furnished for weeks past by the people engaged in business in the market.

The two charitable shelters where the homeless poor can have a night's lodging free of expense—the Night Shelter, corner of Avenue D and Tenth Street, and the Shiloh Shelter, corner of Prince and Marion streets—continue to be nightly crowded, the same class (working-men out of employment) being the inmates. The officials of all the charitable societies unite in saying that March will be the most trying of any of the season on the poor, and that an increase in the charitable donations for the distressed will be absolutely needed. In the tenement-houses, where the poor are crowded together in such numbers and in great discomfort and destitution, the month of March is always marked by a large increase in the number of the sick.



HELPING THE POOR—GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION OF COAL BY THE CITY—SCENE IN CHERRY STREET.—[From a Sketch by C. A. Keetels.]



A DAY'S "STILL HUNTING" AFTER BUFFALO.

A DAY AFTER BUFFALO.

The artist to whose pencil we are indebted for these sketches gives the following account of his adventures:

"Buffalo-hunting takes place in this way: A party of well-mounted men dash up to a herd of these unwieldy-looking monsters, each man singles out his animal, and exerts his horse's every nerve to run in alongside it; then he finishes it by a well-directed bullet from his revolver. To bring down your animal, even when overtaken, requires no little skill; and when to this is added the chance of his actively resenting your immediate and, to him, disagreeable proximity, there is enough fascination and excitement in this sport to satisfy any.

"This is the manner in which the buffalo is hunted for pleasure; but the large demand for their hides, for military trappings and such purposes, gives rise to another mode, and one which is far more effective in its results, as regards the number 'accounted for' by one man. This is what is called 'still hunting,' and is adopted by men who follow buffalo hunting as a business. It is done on foot and with a rifle.

"Toward the end of January, 1875, I found myself, in company with two other men, in the southwestern portion of Kansas, in quest of buffalo hides and meat. My companions were A——, a practiced hand at buffalo-hunting on the plains, and deer and other game on the Rocky Mountains; and W——, a man we had hired to skin for us. We had with us two wagons, to be used for carrying our hides and meat to the nearest frontier town that offered a market. A—— had a Remington rifle, forty-four calibre, and weighing about thirteen pounds, and I had a Sharps of the same weight and calibre.

"A severe snow-storm had driven the buffalo in a southeasterly direction, and we, coming from the Rocky Mountains, had only as yet fallen in with a scattered herd, all very wild, but out of which we had already managed to get a good number of hides. On the evening of the 29th of January we descried just before sundown a herd of seventy or eighty cows and calves about two miles to the east, feeding in a northwesterly direction. At once deciding to go after them next day, we sought about for a 'buffalo wallow' containing melted snow enough for our horses and ourselves to camp by. We placed our wagons so as to make a wind-break to the north and east, and having collected a large sack of buffalo chips (dry buffalo dung), the only kind of fuel on the prairie flats, and picketed our horses, we were soon engaged frying buffalo hump, baking bread, and boiling coffee.

"Supper over, our horses watered and fed with grain, and the pipe of peace smoked out over our sorry smouldering fire, we rolled ourselves into our blankets, the only warm place, with the thermometer far below freezing-point, there to enjoy a good sleep, provided our pillows were not dragged from under our heads by the wolves.

"The following morning was fine and clear, though a little windy. We were up by sunrise, and after having breakfasted, cleaned our guns, and filled our cartridge belts, we started with our wagons in search of the herd we had seen the night before. We had not gone far when we sighted them some distance to the north, and feeding toward us. Halting, we lay down behind the wagons and waited till they should get nearer. At last the moment came for action and a move on to them.

"Leaving W—— in charge of the wagons, with instructions when to follow up, we started in Indian file, A—— leading, and I treading in his footsteps. Both crouched down with our guns at the trail. So we made for them in a straight line.

"Here I may state that when on foot, if you do not wish buffalo to run from you, you must make straight for them; by doing so you will get comparatively close up to them; but show your side, and they will see what you are and make off double-quick. When within 250 yards of the leaders they showed signs of uneasiness, so, in accordance with our usual plan of only one firing at a time when we attacked a herd, A—— dropped on his knee and aimed at one of the leaders. 'Crack,' and 'thit,' as the ball penetrated the tough hide of an old cow, which, however, managed to fall back at a lively trot with the rest of the leaders upon the main body of the herd.

"The whole herd collected together in a mass as they retreated, and we kept on at a brisk pace after them. When we got within range again, it was my turn. 'Crack,' 'thit,' as before, but again no buffalo down, though another wounded. At this shot the whole herd, which had come to a momentary stand-still, broadside on, to take a good inspection of us, wheeled round, and made off again at a clumsy canter across the prairie. And now the trouble began, for our only chance was to follow them up, and at as brisk a pace as we could.

"When they had gone a few hundred yards, they stopped to have another look at us. A—— fired at those in the rear, and this time it was a sharp 'splatch' that answered the report, as up flew the hind-leg of a cow in a convulsive kick, only to fall back dangling in such a manner as to show it was broken clean above the hock. 'My next,' said A——, reloading as he came, for the wounded beast gave in, and fell heavily, to be finished off by a ball behind the shoulder as we passed.

"The herd was still about 300 yards ahead of us, and as they showed signs of breaking off to either side, A—— fired at the left-hand leaders and I at the right, to turn them back into the main body. On they went again, quickening their pace, and giving us all the running, as we wanted to keep within firing distance. We kept on, firing now at the right-hand leader, now at the left, I taking my directions from A——, in order to keep them herded in a body. Shortly the herd halted, enabling us to get upon them, when A—— brought down a cow, and I another that had paused to look at her fallen companion. The latter's calf discreetly made off with the rest of the herd, but only went a few yards before it fell to A——'s rifle.

"Off the whole mass started again, and we after them, herding them with bullets, until a wounded cow gave in and fell down. This caused a halt of her nearest sympathizing friends, and gave us another chance, when we brought down one and wounded another. So our work progressed, until the sun warned us that we must bring our chase to an end. We had no reason to be disappointed with our day's work, as, upon looking back on a rising ground, we counted thirteen lying dead or dying. And now came the worst part—the skinning. In an hour and a half the sun would be down, and in order to save the hams, humps, and tongues, they must be skinned that night; but W—— and the wagons coming up, we managed to get through our work by dark, and were not sorry to be again round the camp fire. We all three suffered more or less from frost-bites on ears, toes, and fingers, but nevertheless we returned home satisfied with our sport and our experiences of buffalo 'still hunting.'"

THE BEDOUINS.

THE fine engraving on page 189, called "A Bedouin Arab of Moab retreating over the Jordan," gives an excellent idea of this wandering race of men as they appear when armed and equipped for their predatory excursions into neighboring countries. So far as the Bedouins may be said to have a country, they belong to the deserts of Arabia, and especially to the plateau of Nedjid, which is their central place of abode. But even in ancient times they had spread themselves over the deserts of Egypt and Syria; and in later times, after the decay of ancient civilization, they entered Syria, Mesopotamia, and Chaldea. The conquest of Northern Africa, in the seventh century, opened up to them still vaster tracks, and they soon extended themselves over the great desert to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. At present they are to be found scattered over an immense breadth of territory reaching from the western boundary of Persia to the Atlantic, and from the mountains of Kurdistan to the negro countries of Soudan.

The very name of Bedouin, coming from the Arabic word "Bedawi," signifies "dwellers in the desert," and serves to distinguish the nomadic Arabs from their settled brethren. As regards lineage they are generally regarded, according to tradition, as the descendants of ISHMAEL and as the aborigines of Arabia. The most ancient notes found in the Scriptures agree, in their descriptions of the manners and customs of the Bedouins, with the facts of the present time. As nomads they have no united history, but only a collection of genealogies. They have but seldom appeared as a united people, taking prominent part in the world's politics, and have never been entirely held in subjection by any foreign power.

The characteristics of the Bedouins as herdsmen and robbers of the desert are intimately connected with the nature of their habitation. They dwell in tents upon an arid soil, and plunder seems their only resource. They are, however, very courteous and polite, and their abstinent, precarious, and often solitary mode of life makes them disposed to exercise mutual hospitality. At times they will divide their last loaf with a stranger, and it is a bitter sarcasm for one tribe to use against another that "the men know not how to give nor the women to deny." On the other hand, their independence, love of liberty, and other good qualities are associated with violent passions and an absolute love of plunder, which makes them utterly reckless of the rights of property.

The Bedouins are generally well made, lean, and sinewy, but, on account of frequent hardships and privations, commonly below middle stature. Their eyes and hair are dark, and the men allow the beard to grow to its full length. Their senses, especially the sight, are keen, and their carriage is free and independent. The nose is commonly aquiline, the face rather lengthened, and the eyes are well shaped, and expressive of both daring and cunning. In complexion they have various shades of brown.

With the exception of certain tribes in Syria, all the Bedouins are professedly Mohammedans, but by no means strict in the observance of their religious rites and duties. Their *marabouts*, a class of ascetics, take the place of priests, and exercise considerable influence in all social and public affairs. They form a kind of priestly order, officiating at the mosques and chapels, explaining the Koran, providing the faithful with amulets, prophesying, and working miracles. These men are looked up to with great awe and reverence by the common people, who also allow them a certain vague license over their goods and chattels.

As the Arabs have no settled government or policy, religious traditions and customs form the only bond of order and union among them. The political condition of the Bedouins may be styled patriarchal. One or two families, the males of which bear the title of sheik, form the core of a tribe, and along with the marabouts, or priests, constitute a kind of aristocracy. Out of their number the superior sheik or kaid is elected, who rules in patriarchal style over the whole tribe. This general statement regarding the Bedouins applies chiefly to the true nomads, or "dwellers in the desert;" it is subject to several modifications in respect to the tribes located in Barbary, Syria, and Mesopotamia. These dwell in houses and practice agriculture.

The relations between the sexes are much less constrained in Arabia than among the settled nations of the East, and a substitute for polygamy is found in the frequent interchange of wives. Their favorite pastimes are the chase, ball play, dancing, songs, stories, and the *dolce far niente* of drinking coffee and smoking nargilehs. Their diet is principally derived from their herds, but includes a few vegetables, and even locusts and lizards. Little animal food is used, and the use of wine or spirits is not common.

The Bedouins manufacture their own woolen clothing, which consists of a *haik*—a long wide garment fastened on the head and descending to the feet, and the *burnoose*, a large mantle. The latter is furnished with a hood which the wearer draws over the head. The Arab's contempt for the usual industries which occupy men does not extend to horses. The Arabian horse has long been the object of untiring care and attention, and to this much of the peculiar excellence that marks the breed must be ascribed. The affection existing between master and steed has long been famed in poetry and romance.

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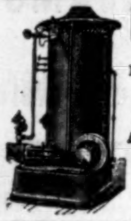

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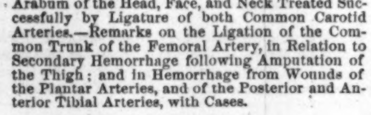
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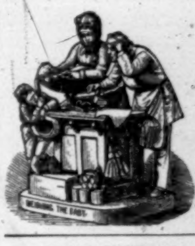

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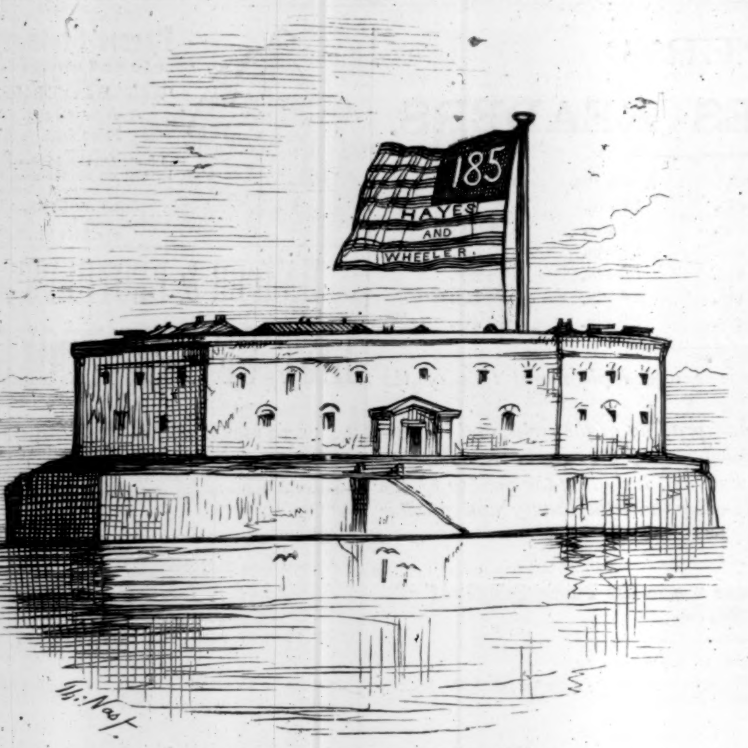

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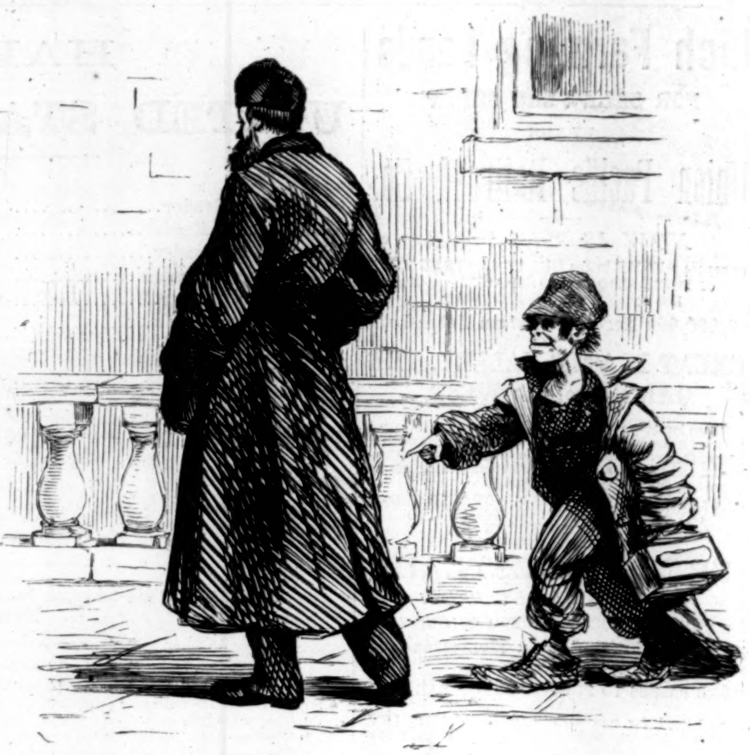

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Babbitt's Toilet Soap.

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First among the requisites of the toilet is a good article of Soap, but to procure it is not always an easy matter. Many of the most expensive Soaps in the market are made from coarse and deleterious materials, and their delicate coloring and fragrant perfume too often conceal the most repulsive impurities. The disclosures recently made public regarding this subject are positively startling, and deserve serious consideration. Scented Soaps are now known to be extremely objectionable, especially if applied to the head; injuring the hair, irritating the scalp, and inducing severe headaches. The character of the ingredients may be inferred from the statement of a gentleman who makes the scenting of Soaps his business; he recently declared that persons engaged in this employment were short-lived; from seven to ten years being the longest period during which the occupation could be followed.

The difficulty of procuring a perfectly pure article of Toilet Soap is at last obviated, however, thanks to the enterprise and chemical skill of Mr. B. T. Babbitt, of New York, the world-renowned Soap Manufacturer, whose immense establishment is by far the largest of its kind in the United States. The renown of Mr. Babbitt's various productions has for many years been widely disseminated, but this latest success is the appropriate crown to the numerous victories already achieved.

After years of patient labor and scientific experiment, Mr. Babbitt has succeeded in perfecting the composition of the finest toilet soap ever introduced. The principal ingredients are the purest vegetable oils; the manufacturing processes are entirely new and original, and the result is simply unparalleled in this department of industry.

"B. T. Babbitt's Toilet Soap" is the trade-mark by which this elegant toilet luxury is designated, and for application to the delicate skin of infants, children, and ladies, it is altogether unequaled in its emollient properties. This Soap is *not perfumed*, the ingredients being of such absolute purity as to require no aid from chemistry to disguise inferior materials. The most refined taste considers the absence of artificial perfume the perfection of sweetness, and this peculiar characteristic of B. T. Babbitt's Toilet Soap renders it the most healthful and agreeable article of the kind ever manufactured.

Though specially desirable for the use of ladies and children, this soap is equally appropriate for gentlemen's toilet, and as it makes a heavy lather it is also one of the finest soaps for barbers' use. It is just being placed upon the market, but the demand for it will soon become general.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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Contains every thing that even the most rigidly exacting of eaters could ask his cook to know; and which is, therefore, just the volume to be used by persons who have to do their own cooking. * * * Is something more than a volume on cookery, important though cookery is, and ever must be. Not only is it a work for those who eat to live, but it has the highest claims on those who live to eat, a smaller but wise class, and possessed of immense influence. There is nothing neglected, but every thing is done that can be required of the fullest professional and professorial skill, and well done, too—done to a turn. These pages fortify the intelligent mind, and enlighten the mind that is ignorant.—*Boston Traveller.*

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Mrs. Henderson has done us a good service in that she has essayed to tell us how with a moderate expenditure we can make the dinner table attractive.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Mrs. Mary F. Henderson is another example of a woman of intellect and culture who has a just appreciation of the exalted office and opportunities of the housekeeper. * * * The recipes and directions are a valuable offering to American women. They treat the culinary art as a high art, and make it seem what it is, the most seemly and desirable accomplishment a woman can possess. They teach those who have not had instruction in the school of experience how to concoct a multitude of delicate and savory dishes for breakfast, lunch, and dinner; the modes of serving them in the prettiest and most inviting fashion; and how to manage the entire etiquette of the table in accordance with the usages of polite society. The recipes are choice and trustworthy, and the book, as a whole, is a treasure which every housekeeper desiring to increase her knowledge and skill should hasten to possess.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mrs. Henderson is a public benefactor, and we wish that a copy of her book could be placed in every household.—*Evening Times*, Albany.

Mrs. Henderson's book is an uncommonly interesting and sensible one. * * * Her teachings are also adapted for housekeepers with moderate means, and those who give themselves up to her guidance will live well, comfortably, and elegantly.—*Providence Journal*, R. I.

Portable, intelligible, and excellent.—*Christian Advocate*, N. Y.

It tells how to serve dishes as well as how to cook them, and gives many useful instructions concerning the art of entertaining, some of which will help housekeepers to avoid serving what Lamb called "roast lady" with their dinners. The recipes are not too many, and a skilled housewife has found all of them good.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

We can not go so far as a critical contemporary who assigns Mrs. Henderson a place by the side of Moses and St. Paul, but we are sure that many will find in her instructive volume a new revelation of household arts and social observances which will contribute to the comfort and refinement of the family, and thus to the "peace and dignity of the commonwealth."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

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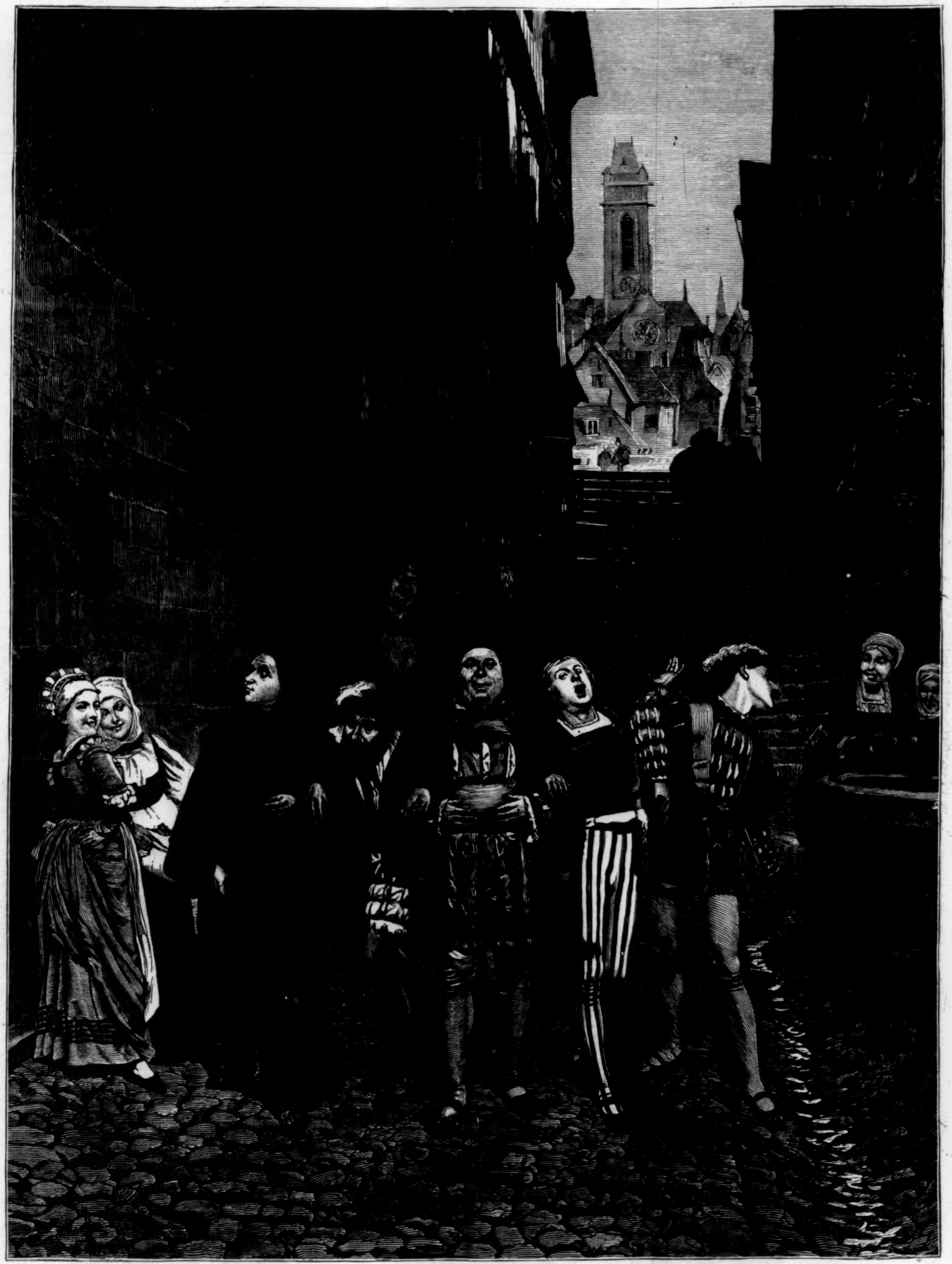


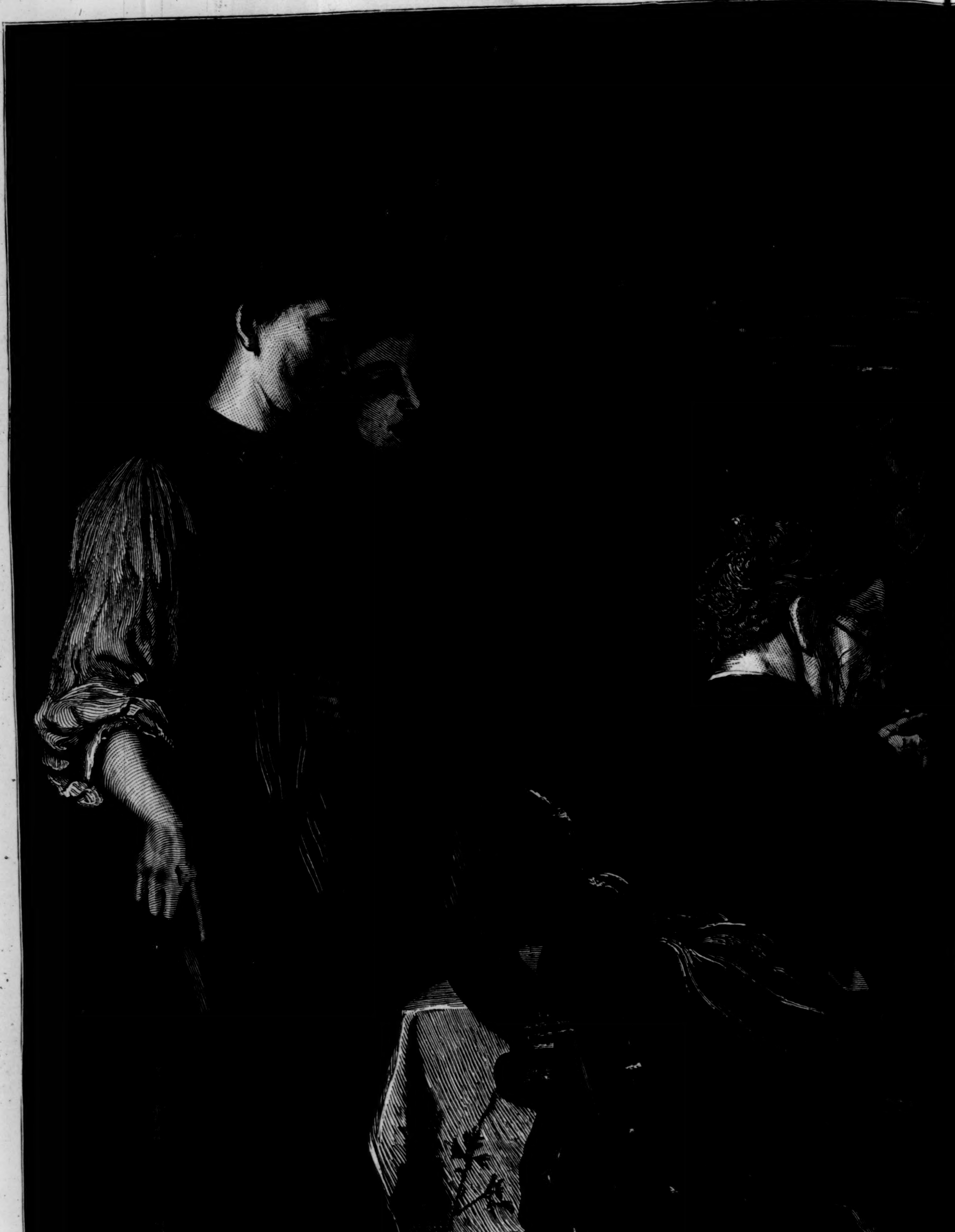
"THEY WENT ALONG WAGGING THEIR HEADS."—RABELAIS.—[From a Painting by Adrien Moreau.]

RABELAIS.

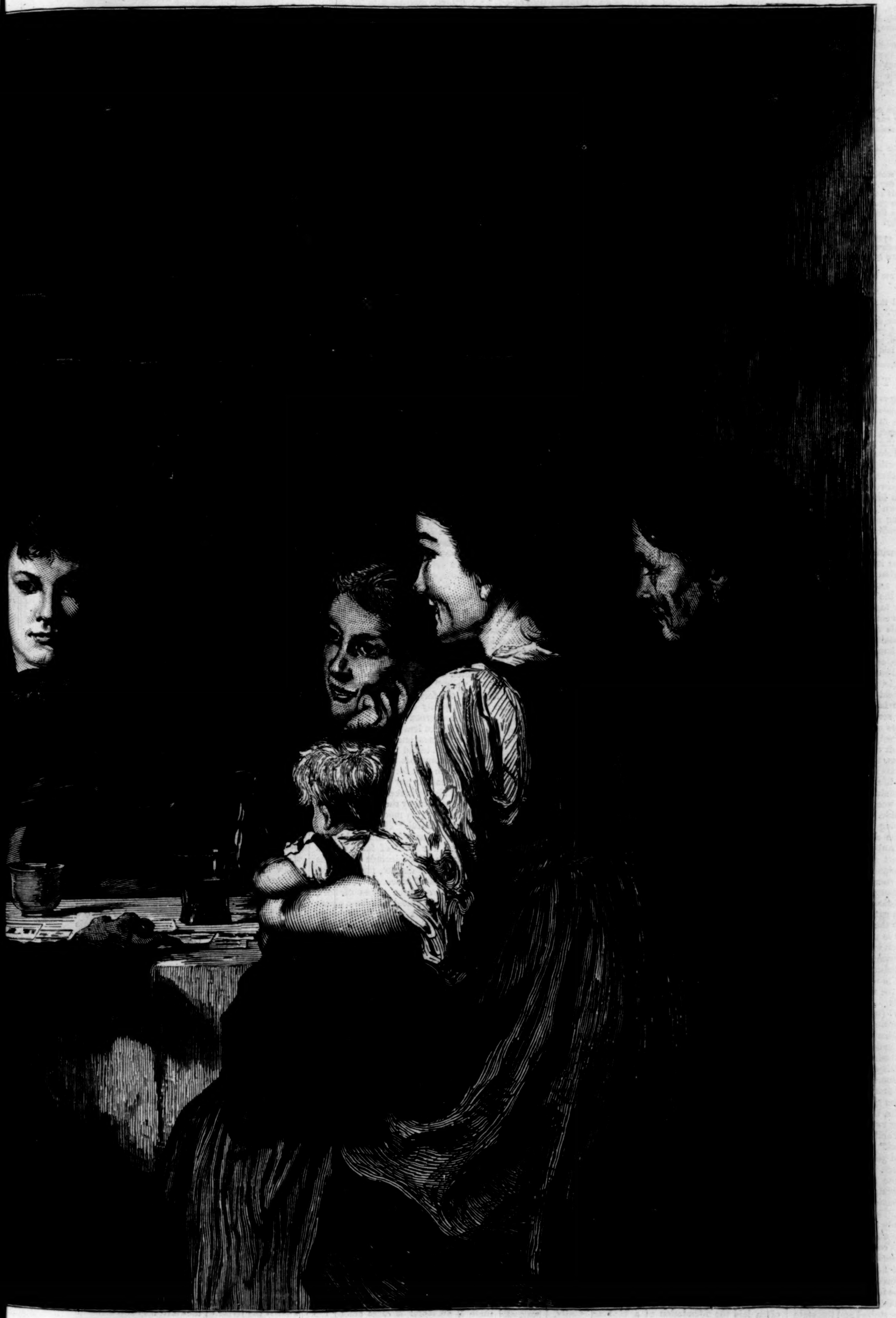
The romance of *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, from which the above illustration is drawn, is little known by the present generation of readers. Its grossness, prolixity, and the obscurity of many passages place it on the list of books which only students peruse. **Leigh Hunt** suggested an abridgment, and in his admirable volume entitled *Wit and Humor* gave several passages from the great satirist's romance, which awaken general regret that he did not himself undertake the task.

François Rabelais was educated as a monk, and in 1511 was admitted into the order of the Cordeliers at the convent of Fontenay-le-Comte in Poitou. His uncompromising independence of character, and his strong attachment to the study of the Greek language and literature, which the monks of his time detested and neglected, drew him into continual conflicts with his order. His fellow-monks subjected him to many annoying persecutions, and at length he obtained permission to pass from the order of St. Francis into that of St. Benedict. Soon finding that he had not greatly bettered his condition, he laid aside the regular habit for that of a secular priest, without going through the customary formalities, and applied himself to the study of medicine. After receiving his medical degree he settled at Montpellier in 1530, and there practiced his profession with credit and success. Two years later he removed to Lyons. In 1534 the Bishop of Paris, who had been his school-fellow, took him to Rome in the capacity of his physician. This gave him an opportunity to observe the abuses of the Romish Church at the very court of its supreme head. In 1536 he was formally absolved from the penalties incurred by the abandonment of his order. In 1542 he was appointed to the cure of Meudon; and he continued in the zealous discharge of the duties of this station down to the close of 1551. He died in Paris in 1553.

In common with other great assailants of religious abuses, **Rabelais** was branded with the names of heretic and atheist. Had he escaped them it would have been good cause for wonder; for the severest blow against the abuses of the Roman Catholic Church was the publication of the *Chronicle of the Wondrous Deeds of Gargantua and Pantagruel*. Its defects are great and manifold, and these can not be better summed up than in the words of **La Bruyère**: "**Rabelais** is inexcusable in having scattered mere filth throughout his writings. His book is a chimera. It is the face of a beautiful woman with the tail of a serpent, or of some other still more unsightly monster. It is a monstrous jumble of a fine and delicately wrought moral, and of the most offensive grossness. Where it is bad, it is as bad as can be—the very scum of the world might batten on it; where it is good, nothing can be more choice or excellent; it *can* furnish most dainty fare."



“FORTUNE-TELLING IN THE BAVARIAN TYROL.” From



L. From a Painting by E. Kurzbauer.—[See Page 200.]